

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

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AUGUST 5, 1905

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THE LITERARY WEEK

WRITING in *Temple Bar* an article, which is referred to elsewhere in our columns, on "Coleridge and Tennyson at Clevedon," Mr. Arthur L. Salmon refers to the monument in the "Old Church," as it is called, at Clevedon, where the vault of the Hallams lies under the south transept or "manor aisle." He gives the present Lord Tennyson's description of the tablet on the west wall to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, the subject of "In Memoriam"; but does not give the text of the epitaph, which has always seemed to us, under its 1833 phraseology, to have an unusual aptness and sincerity. After recounting Hallam's parentage and death at Vienna in the 23rd year of his age, it goes on as follows:

"And now in the obscure and solitary church repose the remains of one too early lost for public fame but already conspicuous among his contemporaries for the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the nobleness of his disposition, the fervour of his piety and the purity of his life. Vale dulcissime: vale dilectissime desideratissime. Requiescas in pace. Pater ac mater hic posthac requiescamus tecum usque ad tubam."

In connection with this church, one of the most beautifully situated in England, standing, as it does, in a lonely fold of the sheep-cropped downs over the Bristol Channel (scarcely, by the way, the "broad waters of the west," which Tennyson called it, seeing that it is very difficult not to see Cardiff and Penarth opposite) we may recall one of Mr. Andrew Lang's happiest poems, which really describes the place much better:

"Westward I watch the low green hills of Wales,
The low sky silver grey,
The turbid Channel with the wandering sails
Moans through the winter day.
There is no colour but one ashen light
On tower and lonely tree,
The little church upon the windy height
Is grey as sky or sea." . . .

Incidentally, we may mention that the "obscure and solitary" character of the Church is threatened by a large town of factories and operatives that has sprung into being of recent years near that end of what was once a little fishing village.

Mr. Salmon once more considers whether Castlewood in "Esmond" is Clevedon Hall. It seems to us impossible—unless portraiture which takes so much licence as to render a picture purely imaginary may be considered to be still portraiture. "It stood on a rising green hill." Clevedon Court stands right under the hill, on the flattest part of a flat valley. "At the foot of the hill was a river, a steep ancient bridge crossing it." There is no river and no steep, ancient bridge at Clevedon Court; at the very most a "rhine", as it is called down west. "Beyond that a large, pleasant green flat where the village of Castlewood stood."

Castlewood certainly cannot be East Clevedon, which stands in a flat indeed, but in a flat that is very narrow and small, nothing but a neck of the marsh running up between Sir Edmund Elton's beautiful hills, where the pines and rhododendrons grow.

A considerable amount of interest was stirred by a curious communication that appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday last. The gist of it was to the effect that, the time having come for Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son to renew their lease of the railway station bookstalls, they were threatened with competition; and it was given as a rumour that the rivals who had sprung up were themselves owners of a newspaper or newspapers. The writer seemed to deprecate the idea of this monopoly being put up to auction. His contention was that on the whole Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have conducted this business in a most punctual and creditable manner, and that the public would not stand the same chance of being impartially served if the present lessees were to be put aside in favour of a newspaper proprietor. Such was the statement, but it would serve little purpose to give any opinion upon it until the facts of the case are more clearly and fully stated.

Whether the thanks be due to Mr. E. V. Lucas or to the American admirers, a tablet is to be placed on the house which Charles Lamb inhabited in Colebrook Row, Islington. "I have a cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington," he writes to Southey in 1823, "a cottage, for it is detached; a white house with six good rooms; the New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house, and behind is a spacious garden with vines (I assure you) pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough with old books, and above is a lightsome drawing-room, three windows, full of choice prints. I feel like a great lord, never having had a house before."

Troubles, however, soon came upon him. His gardener lopped off some choice boughs which hung over from a neighbour's garden; whereupon the old lady who lived next door appeared in a fury, and made ominous allusions to the law. George Dyer, too, who was so absent-minded that he sometimes emptied his snuff-box into the teapot when he was preparing tea, walked into the New River one day when he had come to call on Lamb, and when rescued and put to bed in his friend's house, he became delirious, rigid teetotaller though he was, because Mary Lamb had plied him too diligently with brandy in order to drive out the cold.

It was at this house that the family was enlarged by the arrival of the orphan Emma Isola, who eventually became, as it were, an adopted daughter of the Lambs; and it was during his residence here that Charles Lamb sent in his resignation to the directors of the East India Company, who rewarded his long and faithful service with a yearly pension of about £400. But it is doubtful whether he was really any happier when he had escaped from the "pestilential clerk faces" that had bored him for so long, and force of habit had become so strong in him that he exchanged his work of from ten to four in the office to work for the same length of time in the British Museum Library. For the rest, he arranged, and re-arranged his bric-a-brac, gardened, hunted up new taverns, and paid regular visits to old ones until his removal with Mary to Enfield in 1827.

An article in the *Scottish Historical Review* "Le Chateau de Brix en Normandie," by Etienne Dupont, Juge, St. Malo, gives us in a nutshell the reason for claiming Brix, near Mont St. Michel, as the stammbaus of the Bruces.

M. de Gerville is, we believe, entitled to the credit of this identification. The proof is not absolute, but there appear to have been three persons named Adam de Bruce, who died in 1144, 1162, and 1185, all probably connected with Brix (in the eleventh century Brix is Latinised Brucium); and we find Robert de Brus (died 1094) who received ninety-four manors (40,000 acres) in Yorkshire from William the Conqueror for his services at Hastings, was succeeded as third Lord of Cleveland by his grandson Adam, clearly pointing to connection with the lords of Brix. We regret to notice that M. Dupont says that David I. of Scotland granted to Bruce, "the warrior of the Conquest," the territory of Strath-Annan: it was not to him, who died, as we have seen, in 1094, but to his son the second Robert, that the grant was made, *circa* 1124. M. Dupont credits the first Robert with two sons, Adam and Robert, who were really sons of Robert No. 2. Another lapse is made in stating that Robert the second, after wedding Agnes, daughter of Bruce, second Lord of Annandale, had his grant confirmed by William the Lion in 1166, and the fee fixed at the service of one hundred knights, whereas the charter says ten only! No Earl or Lord (not even the Earls of Douglas in their palmiest days) in Scotland in those early days owned such a large service of knights.

So M. Dupont is in good company in his slight confusion on one or two points. His contribution is most welcome and valuable, and is a sign of the times that our neighbours across the Channel are trying to become better acquainted with our history, in which we have a common interest in clearing up confused details. It is most interesting to be able to fix the ancestral chateaux of those daring knights who followed the Conqueror's standard, the Percys from Picardy, the Stuarts from Brittany, the Fitzalans, the de Maules (Earls of Panmure) from the Lordship of Maule in the Vexin François eight leagues from Paris (a name apparently quite extinct, or distorted past recognition) from Bailleul-en Vimen in the Department of the Somme, and so of many others. We hope that M. Dupont will be able to continue his historic labour of love, and give us extracts from the records at Doll of any Writs or Charters dealing with the early Fitzalans.

The suggestions made by Mr. Hubert Haes in our last issue for the improvement, or rather the completion of the dome of the British Museum Reading Room will surely win the approval of many readers, who from time to time look upwards from their books for relief or for inspiration. In its present bare condition the dome is not very likely to convey either, and it would certainly be an improvement to erect statues on the vacant consoles of Chaucer, Bacon, Milton and others "famous in old time." The selection of the twenty most appropriate names would present difficulties, nor is it apparent on what principle Mr. Haes chose the representative men named in his list. Many of the greatest thinkers and writers are included, but is Franklin up to the standard? Dickens, again, may appear to some too much a genius of the open air to be happily placed among such wholly bookish surroundings. Might not a word be put in for Gray, the poet, who came to live in London on purpose to use the great library, in days when readers were not accommodated so spaciouly as now?

The energies of the National Trust are evidently not exhausted by its courageous attempt to secure the Gowbarrow Estate, by Ullswater, for the nation. It is further bent on the purchase of Barrington Court, near Ilminster, a famous old Tudor mansion which like many others of its kind is now used as a farmhouse. A building which sheltered the Duke of Monmouth in 1680—it had then already stood for over a hundred years—deserves a better fate, but successive tenants have failed to appreciate its æsthetic value. The house, with 220 acres of land, is about to become the property of one who is willing to

sell it to the National Trust for £10,500. This is a large sum, but an anonymous donor has already promised £10,000. About £1000 will be required to put the house in good order, and an appeal is issued to the general public by Mr. Nigel Bond, Secretary of the Trust, to raise the balance of £1500. It may be hoped that the public, stirred by the generous lead of the anonymous donor, will do its part to make his liberality effective.

Mr. Cloudesley Brereton writes: Since you have touched on the question of the untranslatable, may I send you the enclosed attempt to put Horace into English?

"ibimus, ibimus,
Utique præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati."

"But we will go, will go
Wherever thou shalt show
The way before;
Ready with thee to tread
That lost road to the dead,
Comrades for evermore."

A French mathematician has composed the following curious poetical tribute to Archimedes, who invented π , the symbol for expressing the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter which, set out in thirty places of decimals, is 3.141592653589793238462643383279:

3 1 4 1 5 9 2 6 5 3 5
Que j'aime à faire apprendre un nombre utile aux sages
8 9 7 9
Immortel Archimède, artiste ingénieur!
3 2 3 8 4 6 2 6
Qui de ton jugement peut priser la valeur?
4 3 3 8 3 2 7 9
Pour moi ton problème eut de pareils avantages.

It will be observed that each of the thirty-one words in this quatrain contains the number of letters corresponding with the successive numbers in the formula.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* reproduces this *tour de force*, and adds a similar effort emanating from a German poet and geometrician:

3 1 4 1 5 9 2 6 5
Dir, o Held, o alter Philosoph, Du Riesen-Genie!
3 5 8 9 7
Wie viele Tausende bewundern Geister,
9 3 2 3 8
himmlisch wie Du und göttlich!—
4 6 2 6
Noch reiner in Aeonon
4 3 3 8
wird das uns strahlen,
3 2 7 9
wie im lichten Morgenrot!

Do any of our readers know an English parallel?

There is to be yet another memorial to Victor Hugo, this time at Paris, in the courtyard of 37 Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne—the site of the last apartment occupied by the poet before he went into exile after the *coup d'état*, and the scene of the sale of his collection of bric-a-brac. He was well known to the dealers in this sort of thing; and so deeply rooted was his habit of buying whatever took his fancy that, when he fled to Brussels, with only four pounds in his pocket, he saw in a shop window, and at once purchased, a plate of a curious pattern—quite oblivious of the fact that he had left himself without sufficient money to pay for his dinner.

An incident destined to become historic occurred while Victor Hugo was getting into his new house in October 1848. He liked doing everything himself, and was not above knocking a nail into the wall, or superintending the workmen. On this occasion he had mounted on top of a ladder when an Academician came to see him. The visitor, who was very fat, was expressing his admiration for the poet's climbing capacities, when suddenly the door opened,

and in walked Louis Buonaparte. Victor Hugo came down from his ladder, and, as there were no chairs, the three seated themselves upon packing-cases, while the future Emperor explained that he had called to defend his reputation against certain calumnies. At that time, of course, he and Hugo were still friends. The story is told in the preface to the "Histoire d'un crime."

So great has the vogue of Hugo been that even the elder Dumas thought it worth while to invent stories about him. He related, for instance, that he and Hugo travelled together in England, and how one of the most prominent figures of our nobility bade his wife sit between them, saying to her: "My dear, you have now on either side of you the two greatest writers of France." And the truth is that never, at any period, did Hugo and Dumas cross the Channel together.

A scheme for widening the Rue de Sèvres at Paris threatens destruction to the Abbaye-au-Bois, famous for its association with Madame Récamier. She lived there twice, once when her husband's failure compelled her to leave the Rue d'Anjou for a more modest home, and again from 1825 until her death. On the first occasion she occupied a suite on the fourth floor. The other and more famous suite is on the second story, where Lamartine, Balzac, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, and indeed all the famous men of contemporary France were to be seen. Here were read for the first time Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe." Strange to say, the room, unlike most of its kind, has been much changed, for not only has it been divided into two parts, but its pictures, its mirrors, and its panelling have disappeared.

Another example of the French reverence for literary genius has been related lately by M. Rodin. It was at the time of the national subscription to pay the debts of Lamartine; and M. Rodin, then a youth not over well provided with money, offered his mite, calling at the poet's apartment, where an aged housekeeper received him. "Perhaps," said the housekeeper, "you would like M. Lamartine's autograph?" "Oh, no, madam, I thank you," said the young sculptor, and fled. He felt, he says, that the honour was too great for him. He would not receive it because he considered himself unworthy of it.

The sad story of the loss of the French submarine enables us to exhibit the novelist as prophet. The catastrophe is described, almost as it must have happened, in "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." Thus:

"The air could not be renewed in the interior of the *Nautilus*. An intolerable weight pressed upon me. This feeling of distress affected me in a violent degree. I yawned enough to dislocate my jaws. I panted in endeavouring to inhale the burning fluid so necessary to respiration, and which became more and more rarefied. A mortal torpor oppressed me. I was powerless, almost unconscious. My brave Conseil, similarly affected, and suffering as I did, never quitted my side. He took my hand, he gave me encouragement. I heard him murmur:

"Ah, if I were not obliged to breathe, I should be able to leave more air for Monsieur."

"Next day my breathing was oppressed. A sensation of dizziness oppressed my brain, and I went about like one intoxicated. My companions were affected in the same way, and some of the crew had a rattling in their throats.

"Soon after, the manometer indicated an ascensional movement. I lay, half-suffocated, on the divan in the library. My face was blue, my faculties suspended. I saw and heard nothing. All idea of time had left me. My muscles refused to contract."

The difference between the two stories is that Jules Verne's invention has a happy ending.

In our issues of July 22 and 29, the publication of two novels, "A Village Chronicle" and "This our Sister," was, erroneously, attributed to Mr. John Long, instead of Messrs. Digby, Long.

LITERATURE

OSSIAN

James Macpherson. An Episode in Literature. By J. S. SMART. (David Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.)

IN writing this volume, Mr. Smart has performed a useful service to literature. It is noteworthy that during the whole of his dissertation he does not mention any of the conspicuous figures of the Celtic revival that we have witnessed during the last few years; yet to a large extent this book is a trenchant criticism upon the movement, for the Celtic revival is due in the main to James Macpherson. No doubt he was, practically speaking, a fraud, and the Celtic poems he produced were pure imitations. This can be said without reservation, but the mere fact of our being able to say so is a kind of satire upon the critics of the early part of the nineteenth and the later part of the eighteenth century. Shortly after they came out, the poems of Macpherson were translated into German, French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Polish, and Russian. The German critics, especially, took him as seriously as he took himself. The poet Voss exclaimed: "What is the use of beauty in Nature? The Scotsman Ossian is a greater poet than the Ionian Homer." Klopstock held practically the same opinion, and even Goethe at first was blinded to the real character of the poetry. Werther, when he was consumed with love for Charlotte, "such as words could never utter," at the most sentimental point of the novel, just before he committed suicide, read to her from the "Songs of Selma," where this passage occurs:

"Why dost thou awake me, O gale? it seems to say: 'I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come; he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, but they will not find me.'"

Goethe afterwards spoke of "Ossian" with contempt, and said that Werther's admiration was a mark of a morbid mind. Werther had praised Homer when he retained his senses, and Ossian when he was going mad. Another illustrious admirer of Macpherson was Napoleon, and we can easily understand how the mock brilliance recommended itself to his mind. Mr. Smart says:

"During the voyage from Egypt he had it in his hands: he read it again on the ship that conveyed him to St. Helena. Napoleon's copy still exists; it is soiled with thumbs, and covered on the margin with notes of exclamation: from its pages exhales a mingled odour, faint but perceptible, of patchouli, camphor and snuff."

Among other admirers of the poet are to be named Lessing, Schiller, Novalis, Bürger, Tieck, Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, Walt Whitman, and Hazlitt. The last mentioned refers to "four of the principal works of poetry in the world at different periods of history—Homer, the Bible, Dante, and, let me add, Ossian," which is as though one were to say, "Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and, let me add, Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, are my favourite authors," a form of admiration that, alas, exists but too commonly at the present moment in Great Britain. There is no doubt that "Ossian" owed his vogue in great measure to the *perjervidum ingenium Scotorum*, for the countrymen of Macpherson, staid and cautious as they are in their usual habits, are at heart as sentimental as the Germans, and ever and anon they display an extraordinary partiality for going crazy over meretricious talent. They are, and to their honour be it said, enthusiastic over their Burns—though we are afraid that most of their admiration is wasted on his defects—but they are equally so over the lights of the kail-yard school, Ian Maclaren and Mr. Crockett. In fact, there is much need for caution on the part of the rest of the world when Scotland indulges in a burst of admiration. One of the best of their number, however, Sir Walter Scott, upon examination, came to the conclusion that the Macpherson poems were not genuine,

though he was not quite so rabid on the point as Samuel Johnson, whose exclamation to Sir Joshua Reynolds is well known: "Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would abandon his mind to it." What is most interesting at the present time is to look back at Macpherson's work, and try to understand why it has evoked so much admiration. We quote from Mr. Smart's book a piece that used to be in the school reading books about half a century ago, and was extolled by the pedants as a splendid example of English:

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

The exponents of the Gaelic movement of to-day would scarcely commit themselves to this example of the great bow-wow in style; but we venture to say that they have printed many things that are more blatant. After all, the passage is, up to a certain point, poetic, although its merits go no deeper than the surface. Like much that has succeeded in the Gaelic movement, it errs by what we may call want of reticence and artifice. The writer tries to put into his words the whole of the poetry that is in his mind, leaving nothing to the mind of the reader—a kind of writing that, however well it may be done, invariably proves dull and distasteful in the end, because in writing, like almost everything else in the world, the key to true success lies in self-effacement. Probably that would be regarded as a dark saying by some of the Celts, whose contention is that a man has nothing to bring to market but his personality; but if so, one can only reply with the apparent paradox that the only way of making an ego effective, is to efface it. It is too late in the day to follow Mr. Smart through his patient exposition of Macpherson's history, and we do not know that much interest now attaches to the authorship of the Ossianic poems. As we have stated, critical opinion long ago came to the conclusion that they were not genuine. What is of importance is to notice that Macpherson moulded himself upon a few ancient ballads and songs that are to-day supplying material to a whole host of writers. That these ballads are to a large extent strong and natural, we should be the last to deny, but the extremely serious way in which they are taken by his school—which is distinguished by nothing more than its utter lack of humour—spoils, rather than enhances their value. Indeed, of several of those who have attached themselves to the Celtic movement, it might be said with perfect truth that they would have done much better if they had never heard of it.

IN ITALY

Italian Backgrounds. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.)

INEXHAUSTIBLE are the charms of Italy as those of Cleopatra: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety." Thousands of tourists invade her in spring and autumn from the north; nay, even in summer the infrequent Briton finds his path beset by ubiquitous *Tedeschi*; Italy is never out of season, for her climates are many and most of them are good when sought discreetly. Italian sun exhilarates the very English, and they take

their pleasure with unwonted gaiety if the mosquito is merciful and the figs are ripe. Nor shall we blame them if they take it mutely; Coryat his "Crudities" will never rank as a classic, nor can every Brown relate his adventures on the Italian lakes with an eloquence that shall thrill the breast of Jones and Robinson at Clapham. Brown is wise if he confines his literary efforts to marginalia on picture postcards destined to enrich the albums of the Brown family. To do him justice, his ambition rarely soars to higher flights; "mute and inglorious" is his motto, and Baedeker prompts his modest journal.

Some of Brown's fellow countrymen, nevertheless, are more ambitious, and many books are written, good, bad, and indifferent, about Italian travel. "Italian Backgrounds" is one of the good books, and Mrs. Wharton is far too well initiated to need any prompting by Baedeker:

"One of the rarest and most delicate pleasures of the continental tourist," she writes, "is to circumvent the compiler of his guide-book. . . . The only refuge left from his [the compiler's] omniscience lies in approaching the places he describes by a route which he has not taken."

Mrs. Wharton's determination to attack San Vivaldo from the side of San Gimignano instead of Castel Fiorentino is of a piece with her sudden resolution, in a fit of discontent with Swiss stolidity, to descend from Splügen with its "aggressive salubrity and repose," its "landscape of a sanatorium prospectus," to Chiavenna and Tirano, Edölo and Lovere, all aglow with August heat. "The sun lay heavy on Iseo; and the railway journey thence to Brescia left in our brains a golden dazzle of heat." We suspect that the dazzle had really begun on the steamboat journey from Lovere, for the description of the Lago d'Iseo, so lovely and so little known, wanders off "under the spell of the Italian midsummer madness" into a dream of the eighteenth century with its comedy, its Tiepolo frescoes and its *carte du tendre*. Mrs. Wharton was haunted by a verse of Verlaine about "masques et bergamasques"; the poem in which it occurs has a fascination also for her reviewer, who copied it years ago for his private delectation from a volume which he does not possess; but at Iseo, in cooler weather, he did not find it run in his head, and he is not ashamed to confess that he owes to his sojourn at Sarnico the knowledge of three "systems" (the waiter's phrase) of eating strawberries. Not one of them has the remotest connection with cream . . . but he digresses.

Mrs. Wharton speaks briefly of the chief possessions of Brescia, the bronze Victory, the Martinengo Palace, the town-hall: "But in summer there is a strong temptation to sit and think of these things rather than to go and see them." That just and philosophic state of mind is not to be confused with laziness, nor is it attainable by sitting, for instance, at Splügen any more than at Clapham; at Brescia itself the novice cannot attain to it. It is the fruit of experience, the reward of him who returns with knowledge; nor can its full savour be tasted till the strong meat that Baedeker and his kind supply has been digested. The newly arrived must always waste his energy; it is unwise, therefore, to arrive when it is hot. Mrs. Wharton had been at Brescia before, and earned the right to listen to "a drone of intoning canons that freshened the air like the sound of a waterfall in a forest," and see the best of Romanino's Madonnas.

She and her companions had set out on this particular occasion to see the Bergamasque Alps.

"On the last day of the journey the most imperturbable member of the party, looking up from a prolonged study of the guide-book, announced that we had not seen the Bergamasque Alps at all. . . . It must be owned that at first the discovery was somewhat humiliating; but on reflection it left us overjoyed to think that we had still the Bergamasque Alps to visit."

Again a very pleasant frame of mind, but not so legitimate, perhaps, as the contemplative mood of Brescia.

Mrs. Wharton discourses in another chapter of the sanctuaries of the Pennine Alps, Oropa, Andorno

Varallo, and all that she says of them awakens pleasant memories, but she can have no true intimacy with Orta if she can write "the wooded island of San Giuliano." The President of the Royal Academy made a similar slip, a few years ago, with regard to the name, but from no possible point of view can San Giulio's lovely island, with its massed buildings and few trees at either end, in garden or little piazza by the church, be painted or described as "wooded." "Isola Bella moored like a fantastic pleasure-craft" is a happy phrase, but Isola di San Giulio far surpasses in beauty the baroque pleasure-house of the Borromei.

A chapter is given to Parma, and another to Milan, a city which much needs to be defended from the charge of monotony. The tourist who sees nothing but the Duomo, and misses San Maurizio Maggiore and Sant' Eustorgio is indeed to be pitied. Michelozzo's angel frieze in the Portinari Chapel is one of the great inventions of the world; one should sit beneath it while the divine office is chanted in the neighbouring church in such plain-song as one rarely hears in Italy. Mrs. Wharton appreciates, of course, Gaudenzio's glorious choir and orchestra of angels at Saronno; we wonder that she has no word for the solemn browns and blues of Borgognone's great apses in San Simpliciano at Milan and the Certosa of Pavia.

"March in Italy" takes us to Syracuse, from Rome to Caprarola, and from Florence to Vallombrosa, and we are entertained with much good criticism (no easy thing or common) of scenery and weather. "Italian Backgrounds," the last essay in the book, deals largely with Venice in the eighteenth century, with Tiepolo and Longhi, the comedies of Goldoni and other literature which revives for us the life of their vanished age, and the baroque architecture, which, because it is so genuinely Italian, Mrs. Wharton vindicates from the scorn of purists. Her reaction from a too exclusive worship whether of Gothic or Renaissance architecture, leads her at times into a somewhat paradoxical admiration of the later style, but this is far better than blindness to any merit that it possesses. The book is written with genuine knowledge, with large and generous sympathy and in excellent English. The writer's knowledge of other languages is not quite so impeccable; we do not think that a priest can have been heard intoning "Mater admirabile" before the altar of the Black Virgin of Oropa. The drawings by E. C. Peixotto, with which the book is illustrated, are neat and decorative, but suffer from excessive reduction.

THE RUSSIAN RULING FAMILY

The First Romanovs. By R. NISBET BAIN. (Constable, 12s. 6d.)

MR. NISBET BAIN has chosen a very good moment for publishing his book on "The First Romanovs." The present representative of the Romanov family is not one to do his ancestors justice. Contemplating his caprices and hesitations, men talk lightly of dethronement and the setting up of a new dynasty. But they forget what the Romanovs have done for Russia, and how deeply the memory of their work has sunk into the hearts of the people. For three centuries the Tsars have stood for Russia through good report and evil report. It was a Romanov who first set up one central monarchic authority out of many warring rivals. It was Peter the Great, the greatest of the Romanovs, who dragged Russia out of mediævalism, and first gave her a position among the Powers of Europe. It was Catherine the Great, his extraordinary successor, who held Russia on an even course through one of the most troublous periods of European history. It was Alexander II., also a Romanov, who emancipated the serfs. Such a record of great names and great deeds cannot be wiped out by a single reign.

Mr. Nisbet Bain is too faithful a chronicler. He tells his story in such detail that we miss the broad features and lack some perspective of Russia's relationship to the rest of Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The earlier history of Russia, before the coming of Peter, might well have been given more briefly. It is a story of barbarism touched by Christian fanaticism, and carries with it few lessons of any value to modern peoples. Up to the time of Peter, Russia was still semi-Oriental. Her people dressed in long robes and wore long beards. Her women were almost secluded. Her Tsars were little more than Oriental despots, who enforced an often disputed authority by acts of savage repression.

The modern history of Russia virtually begins with Peter the Great. His work is so little known among Englishmen that Mr. Nisbet Bain cannot tell us too much about it. Peter the Great performed for Russia the same work that Count Ito has performed for modern Japan. He brought his country into the European system. He stooped to conquer—labouring in the dockyards at Amsterdam and London to learn the secrets of Western shipbuilding, and carrying them back to his own country. He was like the modern Japanese in that nothing was too small for his eager and active mind. Peter was never really a Western; and, though a man of science, he was never really civilised. He carried out his reforms by acts of savage barbarism. He cut off his courtier's beards with shears. He massacred and tortured every one opposed to him. He did to death his own and only son. He mastered the compass and the astrolabe; but he never had the faintest conception of the rights of man.

Russia has ever since borne the marks of Peter's treatment. Civilised by force and against her will, she has still remained at heart sullenly barbaric. Peter achieved his purpose, but at a heavy cost. He broke the spirit of his people. He destroyed all those great independent forces which might have carried out his own purpose. He tried to bring in civilisation by methods of barbarism. His successors have followed in his footsteps. What has been the result? Civilisation, thus roughly wooed, has shrunk away. All the best spirits of Russia—all the men who might civilise her—are sifted out by the great political Inquisition that dominates Russian life and sent to the uttermost parts of the earth. The tools that are left to the Tsar become increasingly incompetent: for they are the mere servile leavings of the nation. The means employed have destroyed Peter's end. His example of brutal despotism has destroyed his civilising work.

The one lesson that the Romanov family has never learnt is the lesson of human liberty. Peter the Great, a strange mixture of licence and religion, had some dim perception of it in religious matters. But in political affairs he never got within sight of it. Those who were not with him were against him, and must be destroyed. Poland was a country that worshipped liberty as a fetish, and the consequent weakness of her government became a warning to Russians. Even what Peter did for Russia served to keep the idea of liberty at a greater distance. For he enabled her to resist Europe and defeat Napoleon; and that prevented Russia from a nearer contact with the ideas of the French Revolution. Thus everything combined to confine Russia to the idea of a "one-man" rule.

One-man rule depends, even for its survival, on a perpetual succession of strong and able rulers. Since Nicholas I. the Romanovs have been steadily declining in strength and ability. The only kind of strength they have shown of late has been a desperate tenacity of their own privileges. But that is not enough without ability to use them. The present war has shown in a flash the emptiness of the land; and it is now clear that as autocrats the Romanovs have seen their day. But they still have a great opportunity of another kind. They may harden their hearts like the Bourbons and the Stuarts; then they will share their fate. If they realise in time that the day for autocracy is past and gone—that liberty of thought and energy is the key that will open the door of safety for Russia—they may yet have a great future before them as constitutional rulers. Has not King Edward VII. shown that that position can be made as great and useful as any other?

CAXTON AND WYNKYN DE WORDE

The Temple of Glass. By JOHN LYDGATE. *A Ryght Profytable Treatyse.* By THOMAS BETSON. (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d. and 15s.)

THESE exact facsimiles will rejoice the hearts of all lovers of Black-letter. It is impossible to praise them too highly. The paper, even to water-marks and stains and the printing and binding, are all that the most exacting and punctilious virtuoso could desire. They convey all the effect of the originals. "The Temple of Glass," by Lydgate, printed at Westminster by William Caxton about the year 1477, is in the great printer's best style. One realises to the full how carefully the types were designed and modelled from the finest specimens of those old English charters which we know that the Abbot of Westminster, to his eternal honour, graciously and encouragingly lent as models from the archives of the Abbey to the ingenious and painstaking Caxton, the Kent lad, London mercer and merchant-adventurer in Flanders, one of those many-sided, much-attempting men of mediæval England. A twelfth or thirteenth century charter in the finest clerical hand comes first when we turn over the pages of this choice facsimile. Lydgate, like Piers Plowman, conveyed his wisdom in the form of a similitude. He tells us that the other night when Lucina shed her pale light he lay wallowing to and fro in bed and fell into a "sad eyed dedely slepe," and was ravished in spirit into a temple of glass where, after entering the wicket, he saw many wonderful events depicted on the wall:—unhappy lovers—Dido, "the queen of good visage," Medea, Penelope, patient Grizelda, and many more "dear dead women" of antiquity. There follows a supplication to Venus, commencing:

"O lady Venus moder of Cupyde
That in this world has the governance."

Another specimen of the language and thought may be added:

"Remember eke how never yet no wight
Ne cam to worship without som debate
And folke rejoice also more of light
That they with darknes were waped and mate
No mans chance is allewey fortunate
Ne no wight preyseth of sugre the swetnes
But they to fore have tasted bitternes."

"A Ryght Profytable Treatyse," by Thomas Betson, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in Caxton's house about 1500, consists of extracts from "Dyvers Wrytynges of Holy Men," paternosters, Ave Marys, etc. The type used is an advance on the charter lettering of Caxton's volume and approaches nearer to what we know as "print." A wood-cut at the beginning (repeated at the end) is a realistic representation of our Lord's crucifixion. Both books were originally in the library of John Moore, Bishop of Ely, and were in 1715 presented by King George I. to the University Library. Scholars are under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Francis Jenkinson for fulfilling so faithfully and successfully a real labour of love.

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS REGARDING ISLÂM

The Sword of Islam. By A. N. WOLLASTON, C.I.E. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

WHY an account of the rise, development and tenets of Islâm should be designated "The Sword of Islam" the author does not attempt to explain. He has presumably adopted the readiest catchword without regard to its accuracy, for, after all, one might just as well speak of "the sword of Christendom," applicable enough, for instance, to the conquest of Peru or the Crusaders. The expression is on a par with the common use of the crescent as another symbol of Islâm, or at least of the Turks,

instead of what it really is, the ensign of Constantinople, which generations to come may see in the hands of Christians or Buddhists.

Another flagrant blunder of like nature into which the author of this volume falls is the acceptance of the claim of the Turkish Sultan to be considered the successor of the Khalifs, a claim which his house has never been able to substantiate, and which has never been acknowledged outside his own dominions by any Mohammedans under Mohammedan rule. As a matter of fact, the Khalifate had become extinct before the Turks attempted to revive it for their leader, and the claim has never meant more than that of many kings of England to be considered also kings of France, Defenders of the Faith, etc.

Even the guide-book fable that the ridiculous mistranslation "Sublime Porte" has something to do with a particular gate in Constantinople, here finds place, for the material employed is quite unsifted. As a matter of fact, the honorific title "Bâb el 'Alî," or "Lofty Portal," sometimes varied by "Lofty Presence" (Hadrâh), is but the Arabic equivalent for "His Majesty," well rendered by the French as "Porte Sublime," and "Englished" thence by some uneducated Levantine in the meaningless phrase now common—which becomes still more absurd when the Turkish Government, with which it has no connection, is alluded to as "the Porte."

By the legitimist rulers of Persia, Morocco and other independent Mohammedan nations, those of Turkey are not even accorded the title of Sultan, being, at any rate, in the official language of those of Morocco—themselves descendants of Mohammed, with a genuine claim to the Khalifate—merely the "Sheikhs of Stamboul." It would probably surprise Mr. Wollaston, too, as it surprises most students of Eastern Islâm only, to learn that there exists in Morocco a Mohammedan empire in which few have even heard of the great Turko-Persian dispute between Sunnis and Shiâhs, since the people of that land are, at once, both obedient to the traditions and legitimist followers of Ali. As for the history of the first Mohammedan dynasty in Morocco, founded by the Imâm Idrees in 788 A.D., an amusing summary is quoted (like most of the other statements in this book) from another English writer, to the effect that his descendants "possessed sovereign power for the space of about one hundred years in the regions of Tangier, Bombay, etc., but were exterminated in 908 A.D."—whereas they ruled the kingdom of Fez till 917, and Tlemçen for some years longer, retaining part of the former till 988, over two hundred years in all, while their descendants still hold honoured rank in the land. But where does Bombay come in? Ordinary histories do not connect Tangier and Bombay till the Portuguese, who had become possessed of both, made them over to England in 1662.

Mr. Wollaston's standpoint is, however, that of the Anglo-Indian Civil Servant carefully compiling information from heterogeneous sources, possessing no practical acquaintance with the Islâm either of the West—Arabia and North Africa; or of the East—Malaysia and China (the last named of which find no place even on his map); so that his standards of comparison are sometimes erroneous. But the volume he has produced is of considerable value to the general public, and should be widely read, though not quoted as authoritative. Commencing with a sketch of pre-Mohammedan Arabia, it goes on to give accounts of the life and successors of Mohammed, the Crusades, and Muslim rule in Spain, with particulars regarding the Korân, the Mekkah pilgrimage, and the chief tenets and sects of Islâm. The only pity is that some original student of this important subject, like Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, who is freely quoted, cannot be induced to prepare what would be a text-book, pending the production of which this is an excellent stop-gap.

When the history of Western Islâm is touched upon it is feebly; as when the rule of the Moors in Spain under the Murâbîti ("Al-moravide") and Mawâhhadi ("Almohade") dynasties, extending from 1090 to 1231 A.D., is disposed of

in the tail of a paragraph; and although the account of the Crusades is useful, it is disappointing to find the romantic adventures of "Cœur de Lion" on his homeward way from the third of those wild raids compressed into the single phrase: "King Richard returned to his own land in a halo of glory and renown." What inkling here of what really happened?

But more glaring faults are the assertions that Mohammed is worshipped as a god, and that Ali and his descendants are worshipped in Persia; while mention is made of Mohammedan "priests," and by the expression "the God of Arabia" it is suggested that Muslims worship a deity other than we do! Such statements are inexcusable, all being devoid of foundation beyond popular misconception due to ignorance.

WHAT IS HISTORY?

What is History? Five Lectures on the Modern Science of History. By KARL LAMPRECHT, Ph.D., LL.D. Translated from the German by E. A. ANDREWS. (The Macmillan Co., 5s. net.)

TWENTY years ago Karl Lamprecht, now Professor in the University of Leipzig, planned a history of Germany. The work was begun under the influence of national enthusiasm, but an instinct, the author tells us, impelled him to analyse the historical evolution of nations according to their great periods of culture. Thus on purely empiric lines, and not influenced by any sort of philosophical doctrines, he adopted a classification for German history which he has since developed into a general principle covering the whole field of historical research. The new theory was first explicitly stated in a now famous essay: "Was ist Kulturgeschichte?" published in 1896 in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft* (Neue Folge, Band I.). Since that date Professor Lamprecht has expounded his views in a series of articles and pamphlets which have raised keen discussion and criticism in Germany, not merely among the learned but even in the columns of the popular Press. The book before us is a translation of five addresses delivered last year during a visit to America. They present the matured expression of what is claimed to be "the first really scientific method of history."

To Professor Lamprecht history is applied psychology: it is primarily "socio-psychological" as contrasted with the older "individual-psychic" view; it is the understanding of conditions rather than of heroes as the motive-powers in the course of history. In his "Deutsche Geschichte" he traces a succession of "cultural epochs" (Kulturzeitalter) which are each characterised by some peculiar form of "socio-psychic activity." The first period—that prior to the great migrations—is the stage of "Symbolism" marked by "a universality of imaginative activity" and allegorical reproduction. "The mental scaffolding of any sort of idea or any sort of volition was at once personified in a significant action and appeared symbolised in the forms of an imaginative activity." Thinking resolved itself into analogous conclusion: legal Symbolism took hold of morals: philosophy melted into mythology. The art of the period expresses itself in the dirge and the rhythmic motifs of movement. The individual vanishes; he becomes part of the whole, a co-equal member of a community side by side with others of the same standing. Within the family circle the individual is only "a specimen"; "he appears as if he were but a function." The State is the army, and citizenship is comradeship—comradeship in the sense of complete subjection to the whole and of an almost complete loss of personality, even for the prominent hero.

The migration of the nations meant "the breaking up of an old, the opening up, if not at once constructing, of a new world." An almost complete "dissociation of the psyche" took place. Like a rushing flood carrying ruin upon ruin with it, the fierce waves of a foreign culture

burst upon the wandering peoples. Only very gradually quiet is restored, and there appears a type not essentially Roman but a derived Germanic culture brought up to a higher level. "The Teuton just becoming the German begins to appear as a type, and to recognise himself as belonging to a peculiar race." The new "dominant" (or "diapason" as Lamprecht has styled it) which gives its character to this second period is "Typism." In this epoch there is markedly a more pronounced individualisation, and in all art an increasing nearness to reality can be traced. "Man begins to dominate nature as an objective."

The third period (eleventh to fourteenth century) in which arose chivalry and citizenship is styled the "conventional." Considerable progress was made towards individualism, but society was yet in leading-strings. The great national state was not, properly speaking, a creation of the people out of their own resources but an Empire moulded on the Roman model.

"Nothing is more characteristic than that men are not acquainted with the individual portrait, and the literary portrait in the form of biography and autobiography is almost unknown."

To the period of Conventionalism succeeds that of "Individualism" (fifteenth to middle of eighteenth century). The true centre of its first period is the deliverance from the bonds of pietistic, doctrinal and ecclesiastical conventions of the Middle Ages, while its second stage is dominated by the victory of the *lumen naturale* of reason in the movement which bears the name of the Aufklärung, and at the same time by the first great development of the natural sciences:

"The individual, thrown back on himself, looked round him for the first time with unfettered gaze in this glorious and fruitful world. By the simple light of reason he tried to illuminate it; a natural law arose, a natural religion, and the doctrine of a common-sense education."

Last of all from about 1750 there begins the period of "Subjectivism"—of Sentimentality and Romance—of "Sturm und Drang." The second part of this subjectivistic epoch is not yet past.

Such then are the cultural stages of German national development—Symbolism, Typism, Conventionalism, Individualism, Subjectivism. Each epoch is represented by a peculiar strongly marked "socio-psychic dominant" which can be traced throughout the nation's activities. During a period of transition from one epoch to another new stimuli come into play, new emotions are excited, new ideas and conceptions battle with the habitual and the traditional. The result is that the socio-psychic consciousness is, as it were, loosed from its anchorage; in the phraseology of Professor Lamprecht there is a "dissociation of the psyche," "a relaxation of the existing unity-relations of empirical associations." The task then set before the national consciousness is to master the strange psychologic content and to adapt itself to the newly won breadth of outlook and sensation—to utilise this richer and intensive experience. The soul comes gradually to breathe this freer air as its normal atmosphere and thus gains "functional breadth"; it absorbs the new world and governs it from a certain centre. When its experience has been made its own, the new psychic dominant is established which is to mark the succeeding epoch—for "the trend of evolution is toward progressive differentiation and integration of the human soul." The general formula which underlies the whole theory is thus expressed by its author:

"That collective psychic evolution, starting originally from the closest uniformity among all the individuals of a human community (psychic constraint), by means of heightened psychic activity develops into an ever greater differentiation between these individuals (psychic freedom)."

These cultural epochs discovered empirically for Germany represent in Professor Lamprecht's view the necessary sequence for the culture of a normal nation ("Die historische methode des Herrn von Below," pp. 28-9, though

this statement should perhaps be qualified in view of pp. 159, 162, of the present book):

"These ages do not by any means succeed each other accidentally or without inner connection. As the individual psyche runs through its specific development in the years of the child, of the adolescent, of the man and of the aged there must exist for the socio-psyche too a canon of development which runs through in the unbroken succession a series of cultural periods."

This is the aim of scientific universal history—the proof of a regular course of the socio-psychological development within great communities of men. The new methodological feature of his work Professor Lamprecht claims to be the penetration into the innermost constituent psychic elements of a given culture; we must go back to the most elementary experiences of the soul-life. Socio-psychology—"the consideration of the collective psychic products of human communities"—is nothing but the application of greater intensity of observation to historical material; the one thing needful is no longer description alone but comprehension.

Since this translation is the first statement of Professor Lamprecht's views in English, we have confined ourselves to an outline of the theory and have no space left us for criticism. It would be interesting to compare Comte's views of the progress of nations through theology and abstract conceptions to positive science: much might be written on the theory of a normal course of development in the civilisation of a people or on the danger of regarding the "singular" as the negligible or the irrational; but we must forbear. "What is History?" is throughout suggestive and provocative, though the work of translation has not been very skilfully performed; indeed, the English version is in one or two passages unintelligible.

SCOTTISH ROYAL SEALS

History of Scottish Seals. By W. DE GRAY BIRCH. (Stirling. Mackay, 21s. net.)

THIS is volume i. and deals with the Royal Seals of Scotland from the earliest times, viz. from Duncan II., eldest son of Malcolm Canmore by his first wife (A.D. 1094), down to Charles I., when the distinctive features of the Scottish seals came to an end. The historic narrative of ninety-five pages prefixed to the beautiful illustrations of the fifty-three seals is excellent and instructive and worthy of the high reputation of Mr. de Gray Birch as a specialist. We are sorry, however, to notice a regrettable slip here and there. No. 20, for instance, is described as the seal of "Robert Bruce I.," and No. 29 that of "Robert Stuart II." instead of Robert I. (Bruce) and Robert II. (Stuart). Very trivial slips these, but slovenly. Most of the early seals of the Scottish Kings have been preserved for us in the wonderful collection of charters in the Treasury at Durham Cathedral. But for this fortunate circumstance there would have been many early blanks owing to the illegal violence of Edward I. and Oliver Cromwell in their dealings with Scottish State Papers. The knightly figures of the Alexanders and William the Lion are very spirited in their mail, seated on armed chargers—quite impressive, genuine warriors compared with the humdrum figures of James VI. and his son Charles I. on horseback with crowns on their heads instead of the appropriate helmet of knight-hood. Most of these early seals are figured in Raine's "North Durham" and in other works, and Mr. de Gray Birch has earned the thanks of the historical student and inquirer in gathering consecutively into one handsome volume all the Royal Seals so far as they are known. We miss the seals of David I., who founded so many abbeys, and of his grandson Malcolm "the maiden," but we have in lieu of seals (not figured here) portraits of these two kings in colours as part of the splendid initial M of the foundation Charter of Kelso Abbey by Malcolm "the maiden" (see Scottish National Manuscripts Facsimiles). By a strange irony the publisher has placed on the beau-

tiful ornamental cover the fine seal (the figure seated with the orle of the Baliols on the one hand and the lion rampant on the other) of unhappy John Baliol—the King "Toom Tabard" (empty robe) of Scottish scorn and contempt. The volume is well printed and worthily illustrated, and is a credit to the provincial press, being issued from the Stirling *Observer* office.

REQUIESCAT

Indian Love. By LAURENCE HOPE. (Heinemann, 5s. net.)

IT is now nine months since the news reached England that "Laurence Hope" had brought a restless and tragic life to an abrupt close by suicide. "Laurence Hope" was the wife of Major-General Malcolm Nicholson, whose death, some time before, had plunged her into a despair which shook her mental balance and led to her self-destruction. Her two books of poems, "The Garden of Kama" and "Stars of the Desert" had earned for her a distinct place in literature, and the present posthumous volume completes what remains a small output.

It is uncertain how many of her poems are translations, how many original, and it is not profitable to spend time in inquiring. The stamp of her individuality is on all her work, so indelibly that whether it be translated or direct becomes a matter of small importance. When "The Garden of Kama" appeared, it made its mark; these "love lyrics from India" were so laden with passionate intensity and tragedy that they inevitably impressed or repelled very strongly. They were set forth with great fervour and an almost wild sense of the music of words. "Stars of the Desert" followed, perhaps less glowing than "Kama," but still full of feeling and music, lawless and uncontrolled. The author exercised something of the power of her own tortured "Sultan of Song":

"Alas for the fate of Hamlili,
The slender fanatical singer,
Whose fingers were skilled on the ginbri;
Who played the tears into men's eyes.
Who harped on men's hearts till they quivered
And swayed on the borders of madness,
Vibrating and twisting in passion;
Hamlili, the Singer of Sighs."

In reading the present volume, her most devoted admirer must feel that, tragic as was the end of her life, it did not come before her literary work was done—if that can be called literature which was rather a red-hot portrayal of a mood. Something of the spontaneity and music of the earlier books is missing, and neither her theme nor its expression was of the kind to gain by a more ordered and deliberate method.

The portrait given in "Indian Love" depicts features that show more strength and less passion than one would have expected. It is certain that her temperament was passionate, intensely artistic, very much over-strung, and almost inevitably bound to make a tragedy of life. She lived for long periods in Indian camps, where the scents and sights and sounds of the tropics, in jungle and plain, by river and sea, were constantly about her, driving her in the one direction till the idea of Love, its colour and beauty, its fierceness and tragedy, seized upon her with the force of a monomania. She flung herself heart and soul, with all her power of imagery and boundless feeling for beauty, into the task of singing Love, and only Love. Now and then, nevertheless, from out a gorgeous jungle of material images comes a breath of longing for spirituality beyond and above all gratifications and delights of the body; or she turns aside with almost a jerk of impatience, from the heavy, gardenia-like scent of her chosen theme, to sing of the clean glory of health and sanity and a free life, as in "The End," and "My Desire," and "I Arise and Go Down to the River," where there is cool, salt strength to be found:

"Oh, grace of the palm-tree reflections, Oh, sense of the wind from the sea!
Oh, divine and serene exultation of one who is lonely and free!"

A passionate dread of middle-age sounds here and there, but that too arises from the one overpowering preoccupation; she regrets youth, not for its beauty and strength and ambition, but for its fever, its capacity for emotion, and because her conception of love was one which scarcely realised, and certainly did not value, any possibility of an affection or interest in life other than passionate.

Throughout all variations of her predominant mood, unrest possessed her:

"Something compels me, somewhere. Yet I see
No clear command in Life's long mystery.

I wait; I question; Nature heeds me not.
She does but urge, in answer to my prayer,
'Arise and do!' Alas, she adds not what;
'Arise and go!' Alas, she says not where!"

This was a problem for which Laurence Hope could find no answer, and the circumstances of her life were all against her in the search for a solution.

She is so hotly in earnest that it seems beside the mark to criticise her for technical carelessness, or an occasional lapse into the obvious. Premising that her poetry was not the work of a great poet, one may set against these artistic errors her music, her colour, and her power of picturing, as in:

"How sweet you were in your sleep,
With the starlight on your hair!
Your throat thrown backwards, bare,
And touched with circling moonbeams silver white
On the couch's sombre shade.
How sweet you were in your sleep,
With the starlight, silver and sable, across your hair!"

What one can criticise is the evident forcing of her muse in this last book, which, faintly apparent in "Stars of the Desert," sets it below "Kama" and is still more noticeable in "Indian Love"; and also the painful revelation in the latest poems. The dedication and some of the other verses force an active imagination to read between the lines matters which the mind instinctively feels it is intrusive in formulating. Some women of emotional temperament have this lack of final reticence under the pressure of sorrow, and seem to take a fierce pleasure in inviting the whole world to gaze upon their holy of holies.

Laurence Hope is a man's poet, although femininity is apparent in almost every line; even her delineations of a man's point of view show it. She is a man's poet, because she was not ashamed to confine herself to subjects of which women are as a rule taught to be afraid. Nothing but her intense feeling for beauty and her glowing Eastern images, could make her work palatable to the average Western woman, who could neither feel nor understand the fire of such a nature. But neither man nor woman can withhold sympathy from the spectacle of a life which might have been noble utterly overthrown; of a spirit which might have been genius wrecked and drifting rudderless. Consciously tragic as she was, the most poignant pathos of her poems lies in this sense of fine qualities run wild, and in the evidence of the heights she could have reached in other circumstances. Now that her work is complete, it stands out as the exposition of a mood which another philosophy might have transmuted to the purest gold. No one could be made happier by her work: she seems rather to say with Constance:

"Here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it."

It is to be hoped that in these three volumes of tropical verse, which are like the white-hot lava from a crater, a vexed and passionate spirit has dissipated its inquietude, and that her tragic life and death have ended in "the Tents of Silence and the Camp of Peace." One cannot wish her a truer *Requiescat* than she asked for when she begged:

"A little Love and some Forgetfulness."

SCIENCE AND METAPHYSICS

The Metaphysics of Nature. By CARVETH READ. (Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE marvellous advance in physical science has not been without its results on metaphysics. In this book Professor Carveth Read undertakes an explanation of Being, but from a rigidly physical point of view, for he excludes the "human ideals" of "Polity, Religion, Art and Virtue." The final purpose of science and philosophy must be, he says, "the raising of Nature into Self-consciousness"; but, in dealing with the Ontology of the Subject, he maintains that this transcendental Apperception is one "in a qualified sense, not under the Category of Unity, not numerically"; and is "Self"-consciousness also in a qualified sense, for: "'self' implies others on the same footing, and what is above unity is above plurality." Taking these passages in connection with his statement in the chapter entitled "Relativity of Knowledge," that Transcendent Reality, which is not unknowable, is a dualism of "Consciousness and the Transcendent Being," it is a little hard to understand the author's conception of the Ultimate. Indeed, quest of an absolute unity is an "infatuation"; "matter and consciousness cannot be wholly reduced to one concept." We may ask, by what standard can they be pronounced non-reducible? The author, whilst often scorning the meagre content of human capacity, seems to refer all to our human power, and to forget that the Transcendent Being must have greater conceptions.

Indeed, the limitation Professor Carveth Read puts on himself makes his task very difficult. The Emotions, which are immediate sensations, unlike mere Consciousness, do not enter into his scheme, except in a discussion on psychology, when Sensation and Perception are ascribed to physical laws. And yet, elsewhere, he rightly speaks of intellectual *cravings* and the intrinsic *pleasure* of knowledge, whilst maintaining agnosticism as to any teleological purpose in Nature. He admits that Matter is only in Consciousness as is all Reality; and yet he discusses the question whether the world is finite, and comes to the conclusion that space is finite, but time infinite for conceptual purposes. But what, we may incidentally ask, can a "limit without a beyond" be? If all be a "Consciousness," it must be non-spatial and non-temporal, and Time and Space be modes of Thought for the finite beings. Again we have, as so often, a use of "Consciousness" both as the Ultimate (of which it is hardly an adequate expression), and as the human capacity.

Professor Carveth Read gives a great deal of space to careful criticism of his predecessors; whether it was worth while confuting the old theories of primary and secondary qualities as the final test for matter, may be doubted. In fact, we are not sure that he would not have been on a surer footing, if he had adhered to his view as stated on pages 4 and 76:

"He who makes the Sciences of Nature, or Ideals of Humanity, the object of criticism . . . is not, therefore, sceptical about them,"

and:

"If, then, we suppose the whole of possible knowledge and belief organised into Sciences, and all sciences to have attained the precision and coherence of Physics (especially if they should have become branches of Physics), this body of knowledge, starting from Empirical Reality . . . would constitute Positive Philosophy and would be felt to be necessary truth."

For, to etherealise matter into consciousness, and apply only material laws to it, is surely an antinomy. It is the business of philosophy to unify the subjective and the objective.

At the same time, the value of this book cannot be denied. The strong insistence on the necessity of taking Empirical Reality as the ultimate criterion by which to judge truth and to test the applicability of theory, as well as on the evolutionary character of the World-activity, is a very salutary measure against the indulgence of our fancy,

and affords an inspiring insight into the working of God. It is well to turn aside from the anthropocentric point of view; but it is not well to preclude it so thoroughly as Professor Carveth Read seems to do. His readers will find many luminous and suggestive ideas of causation, and also a useful, succinct account and review of previous philosophies. They will need to amplify the teaching of this volume by the conception of the spaceless and timeless in which all is one and everything different, but will discover in it a wholesome and instructive antidote against exaggerated Idealism.

IN MEMORIAM—RICHARD JEFFERIES

(August 14, 1887)

"Go forth, O Soul," the Spirit said; "thy way
Shall lie 'mid flowers of thought for ever fair;
Thy work shall be to beckon others there
And tell of calm, sweet things, and bid them pray
To view, like thee, the magical display
Of Nature's shy delights; to set a snare
For roving fairies; now and everywhere
To find a light of God in light of day."

The soul obeyed, and wrote through weary years,
Wherein the hand of pain did strongly press,
Of new-found worlds in meadow, hill and sea;
Then, when the sad eyes craved relief in tears
And the brave heart knew all the bitterness
Of work unfinished, Death brought liberty.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE "NEW BATH GUIDE" AND ITS AUTHOR

THE elegant triflers who, day by day, assembled in the Pump Room of eighteenth-century Bath, to mangle reputations and to ask: "What are trumps?" were periodically startled into a languid interest by some romantic episode such as an elopement, a suicide, or the conversion of an aristocrat to Methodism. In 1765 their interest was for a time centred in the evangelical eccentricities of Selina Countess of Huntingdon and her Wesleyan friends, just as it had been in the tragic history of the beautiful and witty Miss Sylvia Braddock—which, by the way, undoubtedly suggested to Mr. Meredith the plot of his "Tale of Chloe"—who hanged herself under singularly painful circumstances towards the middle of the century. But even greater excitement was caused by the publication of the "New Bath Guide" in 1766. In spite of its clumsy and inappropriate title, its success was immense. The whole town was set laughing immoderately at the spiritual adventures of Jenny, Tabby, and Prue, as chronicled by Mr. Simkin Blunderhead. It is not difficult to account for its widespread popularity. Its audacious verses ridiculed every type of folly, rascality, and smug hypocrisy—types familiar to all inhabitants of Bath:

"Where Gaming and Graces
Each other embraces
Dissipation and Piety meet;—
May all who've a notion
Of cards or Devotion
Make Bath their delightful retreat."

Thus the most hardened sinner in that genteel society had only to glance through its pages to discover shots which hit his friends and acquaintances so much harder than him, that, like Mr. Shandy on a similar occasion, he felt: "'twas a relative triumph, and put him in the gayest humour in the world."

In a letter to George Montagu, Horace Walpole heralded its publication in these words:

"What pleasure have you to come! there is a new thing published called the 'New Bath Guide.' It stole into the world, and for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verses, in all kinds of verses, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally everything else; but so much wit, so much humour, fun and poetry, so much originality, never met together before. Then the man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel. *Apropos* to Dryden, he has burlesqued his St. Cecilia that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, *painted lawns and chequered shades*, a Moravian ode, and a Methodist ditty, that are incomparable, and the best names that ever were composed."

The skit on Dryden which took Horace's fancy ran as follows:

"The Prince was in pain,
And could not contain
While Thais was sitting beside him,
But before his Peers,
Was for shaking the Spheres
Such goods the kind Gods did provide him.
Grew bolder and bolder
And cocked up his Shoulder,
Like the Son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length quite oppress
He sank on her Breast
And lay there as dead as a Salmon."

Other writers to note its appearance were Gibbon and Gray, who recognised in it "a new and original kind of humour," whilst Smollett paid its author the sincerest form of flattery in his "Humphry Clinker." Fifty years later it was still widely read, and Byron mentions the fact in "Don Juan."

The author of the "Guide," which was published anonymously, was Christopher Anstey, a middle-aged country gentleman, till then unknown to fame. It is true that at Cambridge he had achieved some distinction as a writer of Latin verse; and was the leader in an acrimonious squabble with the University authorities. For an outburst of candour, beginning: "Doctores sine doctrina, magistri artium sine artibus, et baccalauri bacula potius quam lauro digni," he had paid the penalty of rustication from the University. To his marriage, in 1756, to the daughter of Felix Calvert of Aldbury Hall, Herts, he owed a seat in Parliament. Though he appears to have said little in the House, it is evident that he thought a great deal. Anstey sold the copyright of his book to Dodsley for £200; on the publication of the tenth edition, Dodsley generously restored it to the author, stating that no work had ever brought him so much money in so short a time. It is interesting to note in this connection that two years before the publication of the "New Bath Guide," Goldsmith sold the copyright of "The Traveller" for twenty guineas; and he compared the two transactions with considerable bitterness, which is scarcely to be wondered at. Anstey died at Bath on August 3, 1805.

The "Guide" consists of a series of letters in verse, describing the impressions and adventures of the younger members of the Blunderhead family, who had gone to Bath to take the waters. Of the fifteen letters, Simkin Blunderhead is responsible for eleven. He is portrayed as a shrewd, good-natured fellow, a strange mixture of rustic simplicity and urban sophistication, with a gift of sub-acid humour. His cousin Jenny, writer of three of the letters, is a young lady of sentiment, and a typical eighteenth-century heroine, who in the end falls a prey to the wiles of Captain Cormorant, a typical Pump Room blackleg. His sister Prue and her maid Tabitha are in like manner deceived by a sort of Methodist Stiggins. The account of this adventure is told in a style which the booksellers' catalogues would term "very free." As for Simkin himself, he is terribly rooked by the above-mentioned captain; and the whole family return home in a hurry, leaving their money and their illusions behind them.

The morning after Simkin's arrival, he describes a medical consultation, in which the learned doctors have a great deal to say "of the Peritoneum and Colon, of

Phlegmatic Humours oppressing women, from Fæculent Matter that swells the Abdomen," though they do not venture an opinion on the case under discussion, except to recommend the waters of Bath. Simkin, however, who is not such a fool as they take him for, notes that

"Since the day that King Bladud first found out the Bogs,
And thought them so good for himself and his Hogs,
Not one of the Faculty ever has try'd
These excellent waters to cure his own Hide."

After watching the ladies and gentlemen "up to their necks, tumble and sprawl In a great smoking kettle as big as our Hall," he visits the gaming tables, where he is edified to discover many of the virtuous women whose praises were sung by Solomon.

These prudent ladies

"to their Husbands more Profit can yield,
And are much like a Lilly that grows in the Field;
They toil not indeed, nor indeed do they spin—
Yet they never are idle when once they begin,
But are very intent on increasing their Store,
And always keep shuffling and cutting for more."

From this the worthy Simkin draws the inevitable conclusion:

"Pray are not your Ladies at Bath better placed
Than the Wife of a King who herself so disgraced,
And at Ithaca lived in such very bad taste.
Poor soul, when her Husband thought proper to leave her,
She slaved all the Day like a Spitalfields Weaver,
And then, like a fool, when her Web was half spun,
Pulled to pieces at Night all the work she had done."

Beneath the swing and sparkle of the verse, there is a depth of insight, a fund of caustic wit, and an extraordinary mastery of metrical technique, which place Anstey in the front rank of writers of *vers de société*. The peculiar rhythm which was first heard in the "New Bath Guide," was echoed by Hood, Moore, and Barham, to name but a few of his imitators; and that its influence is not yet extinct may be seen by glancing through the pages of almost any number of *Punch*.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE *Quarterly* opens with a masterly little sketch by Dr. William Barry of the history of criticism, seen from the point of view of the old war between classic and romantic in literature, and its obverse, the battle in criticism between the didactic and what we have come to call the "impressionist" schools. Dr. Barry himself is on the side of the latter, though not perhaps so whole-heartedly as Professor Saintsbury, whom he is examining.

"The whole art of judgment is faithful impression. Nor is any way but this conceivable, whereby to 'discover and celebrate the beautiful things of literature.' It is not a science *à priori*, with rules, kinds, qualities, measures and limits laid down beforehand in some 'Ars Poetica,' whether we term the lawgiver Aristotle, or Vida, or Boileau. The critic does not legislate, he observes; and his observation is a feeling, the test of it enjoyment. For he is concerned, not as the philosopher with what is true, nor as the moralist with what is right or wrong in conduct, but simply with what is beautiful in the written word. Literature is then something which we can define as an end to itself, distinct from ethics as from metaphysics, subject to its own laws and conditions, a mode of human activity claiming its proper value. The appraiser of that value is the critic."

It is the old battle between the poets and the philosophers, between the views of literature as something whose great aim is to "delight," and as a means of inculcating virtue—between "art for art's sake" and art as a means of education, political and moral. We know of no writer who has put the case better and traced the history of the long quarrel more succinctly and clearly than Dr. Barry in this article. He finds in Aristophanes the first of the didactic critics; defends the "Poetics" against the misunderstanding which puts Aristotle altogether on the same side, passes lightly over Rome with

its constant motion "from poetry towards rhetoric," which "breeds formal rules" and makes always for the classical side of the field, and shows how the Renaissance, especially in the extravagance of Vida, misunderstood its Aristotle and its classics, and condemned poetry to be a mere reproduction, according to formal rules, of things that had been said once and for all by the Augustan poets and Vergil in particular. The revolt came from England and Spain, still bent on heroic adventure in mind and body, and the victory came with Dryden, from whom Dr. Barry carries the story on to modern days.

"Professor Saintsbury, adopting Pater's dictum, concludes with him that 'to feel the virtue of the poet or the painter, to disengage it, to set it forth—these are the three stages of the critic's duty.' He is to interpret the vision that he has seen. Is it beautiful? He asks no more. Subject, incidents, moral, are nothing to him as a critic. Even the execution, if we do not mistake, falls into lovely moments, to be judged one by one. But where then shall we look for the 'purification' which, not in drama exclusively, but in all literature worthy of the name, is to be wrought upon us? . . . Be it that to art, as to science and religion, nothing is common or unclean, yet we know of books, beautiful in form and language, that infect like the plague, that are decadent and suicidal in their tendency. Is the critic to welcome them for their exquisite make, filed speech, fervour of paganism? Or is there not a Higher Criticism which estimates these values in its summing-up?"

Dr. Barry's answer to that question deserves quotation in full. We give here the gist of it:

"Beauty in literature grows with intellect; the finer it is, the more it appeals to those rarer spirits who have passed beyond its lower forms. . . . Art itself requires that the delight afforded by it shall not be its ruin, nor the decadent, though, as Lucian says, 'fed on dew and ambrosia,' its king. Our Professor grants all this implicitly when he declines to accept 'Art for Art's sake only.' The end is revelation of the Beautiful; but it must not pause until it has climbed the summits and caught a glimpse of 'the First and only Fair.' Yet again poetry, which includes all genuine literature by certain affinities and inspirations, though it be 'seeming,' not mere truth of fact, has truth abiding in it, the law of the ideal, and an immanent ethic, the law of purity, justice and kindness. . . . Criticism, if it be not unlike the creative works which it apprehends, is a song of degrees. It can no more be liberated from the jurisdiction of ethics than any other activity into which man breaks forth. Its delight and its beauty hold of the True, else they are pernicious fictions."

In the same Review there is a long paper on "The Ideas of Richard Wagner," in which the writer claims that Wagner is unique in his bringing together all his faculties and all the arts at his command to work on a single end. In separate arts others may have done better work: Renaissance artists had as many arts at command as Wagner; Wagner alone brought all together. Mr. Oliver Elton deals with "Recent Shakespearean Criticism," especially that of Georg Brandes and Professor Bradley. In a very sensible paper he points out that life is larger than the stage, and that the province of the drama is not to solve the problems of life, but to "put a finer edge" upon them. He protests, in fact, with due appreciation, against any attempt to drive Shakespeare into corners as a philosopher, and demand categorical answers of him; and in so doing puts a reverent finger on the weak spot in Professor Bradley's fine achievement.

The *Edinburgh* in dealing with "Painting as Thought," *à propos* of Mr. G. F. Watts, publishes the most solid and satisfactory piece of criticism on this artist and his aims that we have seen. Another article is concerned with Mme. de Staël and Napoleon, the opposition between the school of Rousseau, with which the Revolution began, and which some few more enlightened minds maintained to the end, and the school of practice, of cynical disbelief in democracy and mankind which brought the Revolution to an end. Mme. de Staël's convictions, says the writer, have become now an integral part of politics. "Napoleon was dethroned by the revolt against the old conceptions of government which he embodied, no less than by the cannon of Leipzig and Waterloo." The personal, as well as the political side of the article is very interesting and well handled. Another writer examines the work of Joseph Henry Shorthouse. "What was peculiar to Shorthouse was his special endeavour to combine Christianity with 'culture,'" we read; and the writer brings

out—in a piece of fair and clear-sighted criticism, which explains while it praises and condemns—that air of snobishness in Shorthouse which has distressed many of his readers; the individualism of his point of view (Shorthouse himself wrote in a letter on “John Inglesant”: “the end of existence is not the good of one’s neighbours but one’s own culture”), and the leisured beauty of his language, which is compared with that of Thackeray. An amusing and chatty paper tells of Bath in the eighteenth century, showing the genuine importance to and influence on social and intellectual development exercised by the fashionable west-country town:

“One cannot doubt,” we read, “that this intermixture of diverse classes of men year after year for the best part of a century must have had not a little influence on the general course of the development of English society. . . . The enveloping atmosphere of Bath was essentially one of pleasure, and its temporary inhabitants . . . were pleasure-seekers, so that it is easy amidst its scandals, its egotism, its petty social ambitions and strifes, to lose sight of the larger influences of the place, and especially of the indications which it gives of impending changes in English society, and of the craving at this time of various sections of the people to emerge into a freer day, to have a less restricted life than heretofore, to move from home, to meet with fellow men—in a word, to be modern.”

Mention is made of all the celebrated people, Smollett, Fielding, Gainsborough and Lawrence, Beau Nash, Joseph Wood, the architect who transformed the town, Ralph Allen (Fielding’s “Squire Allworthy”), Pope, Foote, Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, and others, who were connected with Bath; and the whole is very pleasant reading.

A particularly interesting paper is that on “The Spirit of Gothic Architecture,” in which the writer shows that Gothic grew, not out of technical requirements and difficulties alone, as the professional architects would have us believe, but out of the growth of nationality and purpose in the peoples released from the Roman yoke. Roman architecture represents “deadly and vast monotony.” It is the same in Rome itself, in the wilds of Spain or Britain, on the edge of the Sahara. It speaks of work accomplished, of ideas settled or killed, of a vast quiescent tyranny. Gothic is the expression of the new life which arose when the dominion of Rome was far enough in the past to allow of new nationalities being formed, new ideas conceived and expressed. The whole article is a fine exhibition of historical knowledge and acute criticism, and brings architecture into touch with life in a masterly and convincing manner.

The *Fortnightly* has an article with a high-sounding title, “First Love in Poetry,” by Mr. Charles J. Norris, which, though it starts with the Protozoa in science, begins with Byron and “Don Juan” in poetry and leaves a great deal unsaid on a most interesting topic. Mr. John Macdonald continues his occasional talks on the French stage, and Mr. Lawler Wilson his admirable *causeries* on current Continental literature, mainly French, Italian and Spanish. In the *Contemporary*, Mr. George Barlow, in a paper on “The Spiritual Side of Mr. Swinburne’s Genius,” tries to rank Mr. Swinburne among the great spiritual poets. There is much enthusiasm and some sense in his comments, but he is unduly hard on Tennyson, and we are not certain that his main thesis is established.

The *Monthly* contains an article by the late Professor Max Muller on some of the Eastern visitors who came to see him at Oxford. They included a Chinese gentleman of high rank, and a Buddhist monk who preached a kindly little sermon in the High to the street-boys who were mobbing him, and whose conversation leads Professor Max Muller off into a talk about the legends adopted and used by the Buddhists from their teachings in early times. A more than usually good article is that by Mr. W. H. Hudson on “The Snake in Literature,” especially in modern literature, the ballad of Dr. Gordon Hake and Holmes’ “Elsie Venner,” which, with rare insight, he wishes had been written by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mr. Edward Hutton writes well on “Cordova and Seville.”

In the *National Review*, Mr. Maurice Baring claims for Racine that he is the greatest poet of France and reaches

the high-water mark of French poetical utterance, basing this claim on four points, Racine’s “architecture,” his sensibility and insight into the human heart, his nobility and elevation, and the loftiness and sensitiveness of his diction. These points he endeavours to substantiate one by one by means of quotations from the poet’s plays. Miss Catherine Dodd writes pleasantly of old school-books, from that of Aldhelm, who, with his book, was recently celebrated in the *Sherborne* pageant, down to William Jones of Nayland, whom Southey called a “wise good man.” Mr. Boughey, of Trinity, Cambridge, in discussing “The Universities and the study of Greek” holds that every boy ought to be taught Greek to begin with, to see whether he is any good at it; and claims that the amount of Greek required by a University passman is of some use to him.

On the other hand Mr. Arthur Benson in a very lucid and able paper in *Macmillan’s Magazine* holds the exact opposite. The amount of Latin and Greek acquired by the average boy is of no use at all, and he should only be taught classics after some years of study of other things, French, science, history and modern subjects. In the same magazine Mr. S. G. Tallentyre continues his study of the fellow workers of Voltaire, his subject being Condorcet, and Mr. J. A. Nicklin has an interesting paper on “The Englishwoman of the Eighteenth Century.”

In the *Cornhill* there is a good paper by Mr. J. B. Atlay on Tarleton, the victor at the battle of Cowpens, who captured the only two American flags taken throughout the war; and Canon Beeching writes on Bishop Atterbury. In *Temple Bar* Mr. Arthur L. Salmon writes of Clevedon in Somerset *à propos* of its connection with Coleridge, the Hallams, the Eltons and Tennyson; and in *Longman’s Magazine* is an appreciative paper by Mr. M. H. H. Macartney on “Sir Walter Scott’s use of the Preface,” in which he shows rightly what excellent pieces of work Scott’s prefaces are, and for how many purposes he used them. *Blackwood’s* has an interesting article on the “Island of Saints” (Eilean na Naoimh) identified as Hinba in the Firth of Lorne.

The *Church Quarterly* begins with a long article on Dr. Ridding, headmaster of Winchester and late Bishop of Southwell, which does justice to his powerful work in the school and the diocese, and does not forget the peculiarities of his personality and his Thucydidean utterance. The *Library*, an excellent review, which we are sorry to hear is not receiving the support it deserves, is full of interesting papers. Mr. John Ballinger writes on “The Trevecca Press,” established in the eighteenth century by a religious community of revivalists at Trevecca near Talgarth. Miss Elizabeth Lee writes on recent foreign literature, and Mr. William E. A. Axon gives some account of “The Dream of Gerontius,” relating how it affected Gladstone, Gordon, Mr. J. G. Holyoake and others, while the editor, Mr. H. W. Pollard, discusses the Rowfant Library. Among other things in the *English Historical Review* is the first of a series of papers on Sir John Oldcastle by Mr. W. T. Waugh.

SHAKESPEARE TREASURE FOR AMERICA

FALSIFIED PROPHECIES

THERE has recently been transferred from Scotland to the United States one of the finest sets in private hands of the four Shakespeare Folios. The sum paid, £10,000, is quite unparalleled, either in the auction-rooms or by private treaty. The Folios were in the library of Mr. B. B. Macgeorge, well known by repute to all bibliophiles. The late Marquis of Dufferin, not long before his death, found the keenest pleasure in going over the book-treasures belonging to Mr. Macgeorge, including, for instance, an uncut copy of “The Vicar of Wakefield,” for which the owner has more than once been offered £1000 against a cost of

less than £100, if we remember aright. Mr. Macgeorge possesses, too, the finest collection in existence of etchings, supplemented in many noteworthy cases—that of the masterly “Abside de Notre Dame,” for instance—by original drawings. He had no desire to dispose of his Shakespeare Folios, but some time ago a London dealer, acting on behalf of a Transatlantic Shakespeare enthusiast, approached him. He offered £5000. “I have no wish to sell, but mayhap I might not feel justified in refusing double that sum,” was the purport of the owner’s answer. “Secure at £10,000,” came the emphatic cable from America. And so the Folios went from Glasgow. Probably the buyer is he who secured “The Tragedie of Richard III.,” fourth edition, which a few weeks ago broke all Shakespeare records at £1750, and the Countess of Pembroke’s “Tragedie of Antonie,” 1595, valued in June at £560, exactly 5600 times the sum for which it was picked up in the north of England some years ago.

Of the amount paid for the four Folios, at least £7000 must be allowed for the perfect and particularly interesting Belleruche copy of the First Folio of 1623, sold at Christie’s in 1899 for £1700. No such amount has before been realised for a printed book. Sir John Thorold owned a perfect copy of the magnificent Psalter printed by Fust and Schoeffer in 1459, one of the greatest monuments of that or of any period. In 1824 it had sold for 130gs., but at the Syston Park dispersal in 1884 Mr. Quaritch bought it for £4950. For long it remained in his catalogue at 5000gs., and a year or two ago went to America for something under that sum. The Ashburnham copy on vellum of the Mazarin Bible, the first work printed with movable types, brought £4000 in 1897 against 480gs. in 1825, and Caxton’s maximum stands at £2225, realised in 1902 for “The Ryall Book,” now in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Then, the unique copy of “Titus Andronicus,” 1594, discovered in Sweden last year, has crossed the Atlantic for between £2000 and £3000. Mr. Macgeorge expended £2340 on his four Folios. The First, including commission, cost £1800, the Second £350, the Third £150, the Fourth £40. The profit, then, is not inconsiderable.

Soon after the sale at Christie’s in 1899 of the First Folio in question, the late Mr. Bernard Quaritch wrote of it as follows:

“It is amusing for those who are acquainted with the trifling causes that influence the prices of books at auction, to read the philosophical theories of ‘tendencies and results’ which are solemnly expressed by critics in high consideration. According to those persons it was a great wave of public appreciation which raised the value of the first Shakespeare folio at a recent sale to the price of £1700, and their opinion is that the wave will go on increasing in strength and volume for ever. As a matter of fact, at the sale in question, all the public desires were quenched when the biddings had advanced to £1000, and scarcely more than two individuals remained to carry on the strife. One of these was an agent holding a simple commission ‘to buy’ (probably equivalent in the views of his principal to £1000), the other was my agent, a fiery young man, to whom (as I wanted the book) I had given the exaggerated commission of £1200. Now he, finding himself outdone by an unlimited commission, determined to punish his opponent, and the result was that exactly £500 of the £1700 represent a gratuitous addition to the cost of the volume—in no wise altering its real value, which may be set down at about £1100.”

Mr. Quaritch was too astute a judge of values really to have held that, for he must have remembered well that in 1864 the Baroness Burdett Coutts paid 682gs. for George Daniel’s First Folio, which in 1841 changed hands at £100. This First Folio, “the richest of all our literary inheritances,” as not unjustly it has been called, has been the subject of many unfortunate prophecies. The original issue consisted of about 600 copies at £1 each. When the Duke of Roxburghe, at the Watson-Reid sale in 1790, authorised a friend to continue bidding on his behalf—“Lay on, Macduff! And d— be he who first cries ‘Hold, enough,’” was the manner of his command—and procured at 34gs. the fine example bought twenty-two years later for £100 by the Duke of Devonshire, Steevens, the Shakespeare commentator, held the price to be ridiculous. In 1818 Thomas Grenville gave 116gs. for the excellent Folio in the collection which he bequeathed to

the British Museum. Whereupon Dibdin wrote “this was the highest price ever given or likely to be given for the volume.” Yet a less good copy made £1720 in 1901, and even now at £7000 or so it may not nearly have completed its commercial ascent.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

SCOUNDRELS AS HEROES

As Thackeray hinted in his preface to “Pendennis,” the object of every novelist worthy of the name is to portray a man; yet it is curious that instead of a man, many of the very finest novelists have only a walking gentleman for hero. Sir Walter Scott’s men, for instance, were, in “Guy Mannering,” Dirk Hatteraick, Dandie Dinmont, and Counsellor Pleydell, to whom we might add Dominie Samson, and, if a bull be permitted, Meg Merrilees. The hero is only a bundle of virtues, without much personality. In “The Antiquary” the men are emphatically Jonathan Oldbuck, Edie Ochiltree, and the fishermen. Lovel, whose very name might have come from an old-fashioned romance, is the most colourless of heroes. Thackeray saw this as plainly as we do, and tried various devices to overcome the difficulty. His “Vanity Fair” was professedly a novel without a hero, and in “Pendennis” we have pictured for us a lad who was so full of weaknesses and frailties that not even the liking for him that is engendered before we reach the end of the novel will make us believe that he possesses the heroic element to any considerable extent. Thackeray himself boldly said that since the creation of Tom Jones no novelist had ventured to portray a man; but the fate meted out to Tom by the reviewers and critics does not encourage the young novelist to repeat Fielding’s experiment. Among a certain class of people, Tom Jones is taken to represent almost the worst that that creature, a man, can become. His amours and his general goings on furnish endless texts for the jeremiads of the shrieking sisterhood; yet at bottom mankind knows that this outcry is mostly cant. Youth will have its fling, and it is undeniable that many of those who settle down eventually into the most staid and respectable citizens have been those who sowed their wild oats most profusely in their young days. Tennyson, in a well-known passage of “In Memoriam,” allows that this is the case, but enters a protest against the doctrine being preached:

“How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green:

“And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

“Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round.

“Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procureess to the Lords of Hell.”

The lesser novelist, when he tries to interpret this fact, gives us as hero, not a man with a man’s weaknesses, but a rake who has reformed, which is quite a different thing. The only men that have been truly painted are those who figure, not in fiction, but in biography. The poet Burns offers the most striking example, and yet he is continually in danger of being hissed down by those who are so thoroughly accustomed to see draped figures that they cannot appreciate the natural study. The love of wine,

woman, and song that was a thorn in the flesh of the ploughman poet, earned for him the animadversion of the Holy Willies of his day, and still meets with the condemnation of those who follow in Holy Willie's footsteps; but the facts ought to lead to a very different conclusion. It may have been wicked and wrong of Burns to linger too long over the "barley bree," and to allow his ardent and impetuous affection to go out to every fresh-faced dairy-maid that he met; but still there is more truth in his lines than in the condemnation of his judges:

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven,"

and in "The Bard's Epitaph" he sums up the situation with an unconscious pathos that ought to carry the truth home to every one:

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name."

However, this is travelling away, to some extent, from the subject of our conversation. There have been many striking rebellions against the conventional idea of a hero, of which undoubtedly the most brilliant and delightful was Fielding's "Jonathan Wild the Great"; but its success was largely due to the inimitable irony of the novelist, who could set forth all the doings and iniquities of his gaol-bird with an ironic air of patronage that kept the narrative light and breezy, and yet never led to the mistake of confounding good with evil. Any one has but to read and compare this with Smollett's "Count Fathom" to see the difference between the master and the journeyman. Smollett understood what was wanted to be done, and attempted to set forth the character of his hero by means of light and sarcastic touches; but the result we must consider a failure. Smollett's hand was too heavy, and his discernment was not sufficiently delicate to draw a strict line between daring that might even be reckless, and coarseness that was simply disgusting. The defect lay in his own mind: we could cite numberless incidents to show that the disgust excited by an episode arises seldom, if ever, from the episode itself, but from the method of treating it. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, deals much more largely than some of his admirers are always willing to admit, in seductions and other matters of sexuality; but the wholesomeness of his own mind keeps all as pure as the wind on one of his native hills, whereas we cannot help thinking that Smollett loved to dabble in dirt for dirt's sake—even though one would not call him so unwholesome as some of the modern writers, who, while they keep their text clear from any offence that would hurt the censor's eye, nevertheless try to excite the worst imaginations of their readers. There are many modern novels that are a hundred times more injurious to those who read them than the coarsest fabrications of the plain-spoken writers of the eighteenth century. Thackeray, following the example set by Fielding and Smollett, also made an unmitigated scoundrel of his hero, and produced what in some respects is the most powerful of his novels. In deference to modern susceptibilities, however, he endowed Barry Lyndon more with the vices of the gambler, the drunkard, and the bully, than those of the absolute libertine. It was an experiment that deserved to be a success, chiefly owing to its breaking away from the ordinary convention, by which the novelist wearies one by insisting on the virtues of the hero. It is much more artistic, if the moral has to be driven home, to approach it by the roundabout method of those great writers we have named.

VINDEX.

FICTION

A Mainsail Haul. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Frontispiece by JACK B. YEATS. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.)

THESE essays and stories justify all hopes that sprang from Mr. Masefield's "Salt Water Ballads" and "Ballads," and more than that. For there he lay under the disadvantage of using rhythms in which Mr. Kipling had accustomed us to something more violent and deafening than it was within the poet's power or desire to give. But in his prose he is alone, with a style that can attain strength and wildness and exuberance and tenderness and combine the moods of an active sailor and a contemplative landsman wonderfully. Writers of sea stories are inclined to rely upon the smell of blood and bilge, and a pen like the mast "of some great amiral": Mr. Masefield is an artist. He has had his vision and experience, and he records them effectively and with a fine simplicity that at need assumes an external pomp without suffering. His twelve pieces are of almost as many kinds. He opens with a calm, extravagant yarn of a Spaniard who sought buried treasure: one evening, he saw land where no land had been, and going ashore for a carouse, he found a little inn, with a red lamp and a little red man behind the bar, and coffins instead of casks: and there he drank, until at dawn the little red man turned into a cock and crowed; and he found that on the brigantine flowers had grown, and there were barnacles a foot thick on her sides and gulls' nests in the sails, and white bones upon the decks; and he lived on dew and gulls' eggs "in that there blossoming old hulk" until he got home—thirty years after he left—and became a teetotaler. "Port of Many Ships" is a fair, grave picture of a boy learning to make knots and splices, and learning so ill that the old sailor, his teacher, fell to telling tales and so told him of the end of the world when the whales will lift all the wrecks and "every drowned sailor with the green weeds upon him" will be towed to a "grand anchorage in Kingdom Come" beside a shore of palms and lilies and inns. In "Sea Superstition", so delicate and strange in its simplicity is the wording that it is hard to say where a fine sensitiveness ends and superstition begins. "A Sailor's Yarn" has a good picture of a big store in Panama where an A.B. bought a monkey which day after day he tried to teach to speak, and got at length the answer: "Speak is it? It's so cold it's enough to make a little fellow swear." "The Yarn of Lanky Job" opens with a glimpse of Valparaiso, the bay and distant Aconcagua, from a hospital where an old salt told the tale of an idle sailor who was cured of his idleness by adventures ending in a ship manned by blue-jacketed rats. "A Deal of Cards" is a masterly, elaborate story of delirium, in which it is hard for the admirer to choose between the realism and the rich expression which gives it a vague but powerful symbolism. "Charlie Cotton," "In a New York Saloon," and "A Monthly Allowance" appear to be out of Mr. Masefield's own experience, and are conspicuous for a fluent and graceful simplicity which gains its effect only when the last sentences are reached. "A Spanish Sailor's Yarn" tells of a pirate who was fishing and hooked one of the sad women of the sea—"her lips were like hibiscus blossom"—and beat her oft in spite of her love, and was on the second day hanged for his piracy: here we cannot say how the magic comes in which changes the naïveté "into something rich and strange." "From the Spanish" is, first, a brave picture of a gorgeous galleon which a Spanish noble built for his bride, and, second, a description of her sailing amid music and foundering in a calm sea under the sun of noon: in effect one of the loveliest visions of life and death we know. "The Devil and the Old Man" is a story of how the devil was cheated after buying the soul of a sailor, by a shrewd captain who set him the impossible task of holding a well-greased cable with an anchor, and a sail full of ballast and a few hundredweight of stone, running at the end of it into deep water—so that the devil went out through the

hawsehole in a shower of sparks. And over all is the shadow of "that one beauty God put me here to find," as Mr. Masfield has somewhere sung.

A Country Bunch. By Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY. (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.)

TWELVE short stories by the clever author of "The Wise Woods." Most of them turn on deeds of violence and end "badly," but nevertheless their tone is not as depressing as the tone of Mrs. Dudeney's longer novels. This is partly because they are set by the sea, on wide commons and in breezy lanes. The characters are mostly on the borderland which Mrs. Dudeney so often chooses, neither sane nor insane; but they work out their tragic fate in beautiful surroundings. We are spared the sordid squalor of the poor suburb. All the stories are above the average in conception and in workmanship, and in one instance Mrs. Dudeney handles a delicate spiritual tragedy with much charm. The story is about a Sussex bellows-maker who was a real artist and made beautiful bellows for love of his work and not for gain. But when Susan came into his life and he wanted to marry and earn money, he began to make the bellows of commerce, cheap and ugly. Then one day when he tried to recall his old skill he found it had deserted him. Susan had pushed Art to the wall. "Looking at the wise stars far above he asked them, 'Is a man, then, denied two perfections?' The stars answered gravely, 'Till Paradise.'" No doubt Mrs. Dudeney's pretty story has a grain of truth in it, yet it took us naturally enough to George Eliot's picture of Stradivarius who

"At sixty-nine wrought placidly his best
Making the violin you heard to-day—"

Mrs. Dudeney, like her bellows-maker, is an artist, and therefore we hope and believe that she will always go her own way. But we walk with her shuddering and wishing for a little sunshine.

Alix of the Glen. By CURTIS YORKE. (Long, 6s.)

"ALIX of the Glen" is a simple straightforward story and will appeal to readers who admire the type of book commonly described as "wholesome." The hero, Jim Lessingham, is one of those unhappy beings who are always too late, and though the author endeavours to prove that this failing is his misfortune, it would be more accurate to describe it as his fault. The heroine, on the other hand, is generally a little premature, and the greater part of the book deals with the disastrous consequences of his dilatoriness and her impetuosity. The plot, however, is a well-worn one and is worked out on conventional lines until quite the end, when there is an unexpected and interesting development. A little originality and a little humour might have raised the book above the level of the commonplace; as it is, neither hero nor heroine ever really lays hold of our sympathies. The principal characters evidently live in the mind of the author, but in her anxiety to give them individuality she only exaggerates their peculiarities, and fails to convince her readers. It is difficult to imagine any one quite so diffident as Jim. The dialogue is natural, and we can recommend the book to all who are addicted to reading in bed.

The Soul of a Villain. By Mrs. HUGHES-GIBB. (Long, 6s.)

"The love of the mother for her offspring—ideally beautiful and pure as it seems—is yet essentially an animal instinct, and requires, like the other great passion of love, to be raised to a higher plane, and to be inspired, in the true sense of that word, with spiritual purification."

THIS sentence gives the keynote of Mrs. Hughes-Gibb's novel. The "elemental passions" of maternal love and that other love of man for woman are interwoven throughout, and many people will find the study of the mother, whose undisciplined affection for her child leads her to strange lengths, more interesting than the adventures of the "Villain" himself. This villain, Jasper Levison, is also the hero of the book; and the story goes to prove that a deep and true love for a good woman can uplift

even a man apparently lost to all moral sense. We are told how, after many vicissitudes, Joyce Mainwaring was forced to relinquish

"that belief which it is so convenient occasionally to hold with regard to our brother, that he is invincibly, irremediably, irrecoverably, wicked and base, and that we can owe him nothing at all in consequence."

She does more than relinquish that belief, and it is interesting to note in this study of a woman by a woman that it is the undeserved punishment of the man who might justly have suffered for many other scores which wins for him at length the reward long denied and at last in all humility forsworn. In Sara, Mrs. Mainwaring's only daughter, we have a charming picture of an English country girl. Her brightness, her innocence, her arch and gay chatter are very vividly presented to us. Here is a little touch of which one recognises the truth. Seeing Sara enter the room in a white evening dress, the familiar similitude of a lily presents itself to Levison, and the author says:

"Perhaps it was as well that Sara knew not of the comparison in his mind, seeing that it was the great ambition of her soul to be regarded as a weatherbeaten little horsewoman and a hard rider, with which aspiration the likeness to a delicate flower seems hardly compatible."

Between this bright irresponsible being and the silent, reserved, strong-willed mother the strongest love exists. On the mother's part this love becomes

"A master passion, warm, beating and joyous—a life within a life, an indwelling presence, now bounding and throbbing, now still and sleeping, but ever there, enfolded in the depths of her very being and entwined with the fibres thereof. Most women who have borne children have had some such experience during the very early years of their motherhood. The child's life still beats in the mother's heart, his clinging touch thrills every pulse and sends the blood coursing through her veins with the heat of early youth, his fears wake a strange panic in her, instantly followed by the passionate uprising of the protecting motherhood which enfolds him, his joyous laughter raises leaping waves of answering laughter in her breast. It seems to her, in sober truth, as if she still bore that little being within her own, and none could touch it for good or evil but they must do so through the veil of her flesh."

It is "this passionate and jealous protective instinct" which causes Joyce Mainwaring to throw herself into the breach at the first hint of danger to her child—with what results may be seen. There are some good descriptions of country sports scattered through these pages, and here and there a beautiful word-picture. Take this, for instance, of sunset on the downs:

"Here the country sloped away gently with the characteristic roll of these downlands, leaving a wide expanse of skyline spread before the eye . . . the pure flame . . . flooding all the cloudless heavens with a wide sea of glory which melted imperceptibly into its blue shores eastward of the meridian. Suddenly in the very eye of the sun a faint grey cloud appeared, and rapidly drew nearer, resolving as it approached to separate atoms of darkness against the flaming background. Nearer yet, and the atoms grew larger and took winged form, a handful of what appeared like fine dust following rapidly in their wake, then as the vanguard crossed the ruddy sea and gained the blue, there came a wavering in their steady flight, each bird showed up inky black, with every wing-feather defined, and here one, and there another would hover for a moment, swirl and drop with contented caw upon the trees. And behind them came the puff of dust—a cloud of chattering noisy starlings."

Evidences indeed of a close and faithful observation of nature by one who knows and loves her ways are perceptible throughout this book; but its most salient feature is the minute study of the growth and ultimate transformation of a certain form of maternal love.

The Game. By JACK LONDON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MR. LONDON's new book is a short story rather than a novel. It tells us of a shop-girl who boarded with a Jewish couple, and fell in love with a prizefighter. Mr. Bernard Shaw anticipated Mr. London in making a pugilist the hero of a story, but Mr. Shaw's Cashel Byron was much more convincing than Mr. London's Joe Fleming. The latter is altogether too noble, and unselfish, and pure-minded. Even the prize-ring, highly as Mr. London seems to regard it as an elevating and ennobling influence, cannot develop such an admirable young man as Joe Fleming.

We may be interested in him, but we cannot believe in him. Most of the book is taken up by a description of Joe Fleming's last battle, in which he is killed by his adversary, who was evidently the identical pugilist with whom Cashel Byron fought at his last appearance in the ring. The description of the fight is so well done that even the most determined opponent of prize fighting cannot fail to find it interesting. Mr. London has in this book made a very decided advance in the matter of style. In his earlier books his style was eminently noisy. His pages fairly yelled at the reader. But in "The Game" he writes with restraint, and with far more real force than in his previous books. What he set out to do when he undertook to write "The Game" he has done thoroughly well. The question, however, remains: "Was it worth doing?" Why should a clever writer try to make his readers look upon prize fighting as a noble instead of a brutal occupation? Is it not rather late in the day for any one to attempt to glorify the prize-fighter? The average reader of "The Game," while he will cheerfully concede Mr. London's ability as a story-teller, will probably wish that he had employed it upon some other subject than prize-fighting.

Isidro. By MARY AUSTIN. Illustrated by ERIC PAPE. (Constable, 6s.)

MRS. AUSTIN has written a romance of life among the Spanish and Portuguese settlers in South America at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as highly coloured as such a romance should be and as the illustrations are; and though the colours are brilliant to daring, they never clash. The story is well imagined and told with a delightful swing in a style that is vigorous, though at times too mannered. There is no depth of intention of any kind in the book; it aims at being exciting and hits the mark. The adventures of Isidro and Jacinta, the lost daughter of the Commandante, whose love he eventually wins, are entertaining; especially the incident of the tracking down of Mascado, the Indian who has stolen her away to be his squaw (Isidro comes upon him and their duello of riatas on horseback), is capital—perhaps the best thing in the novel. The plot is intricate but clear and never tangled, and the book will probably be popular.

BOOK SALES

MESSRS. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge brought their season to a close on July 28 and 29. The last books sold were five Shakespeare Quartos, the property of Mr. George Carrington, Great Missenden, from which place came also the Richard the Third Quarto which was sold in the same rooms on July 12 for £1750. The Merchant of Venice, 1652, brought £200; Richard the Second, 1605, £250; Henry the Fourth, 1608, £1000; the second part of Henry the Fourth, 1605, £500; King Lear, 1608, £900. The first four were bought by Mr. Jackson and the other by Mr. Stephens.

The other important items were: Plays and Pamphlets, all printed for Francis or Richard Constable between 1616 and 1650. £13 15s. (Dobell.) Daryl (Matth.), Caricatures; Macaronies, etc. 4 vols. in 2. 1771-2. £9 (Sellar.) Smith's Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of Painters. 9 vols. 1829-42. £23 (Isaacs.) Ovid, Les Métamorphoses D'Ovide, en Latin et en François de la traduction de l'Abbé Banier. 4 vols. 1767-71. £12 (Lodge.) Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man. Designs by Stothard, engraved by Bromley. 1799. £12 15s. (Maggs.) Ibis, Series I., II., III. 10 vols. 1859-75. £30 (Quaritch.) Elliot's Monograph of the Paradiseidae, or Birds of Paradise. 1873. £8 15s. (Montgomery.) Elliot's Birds of North America. 2 vols. 1869. £13 10s. (Montgomery.) Elliot's Monograph of the Phasianidae, or Family of the Pheasants. 2 vols. 1872. £53 (Bumpus.) Exotic Ornithology, by Sclater and Salvin. 1869. £7 7s. (Parsons.) Loggan (D.), Oxonia Illustrata. 1675. £12 5s. (Hanley.) Letters from Shelley on his embarrassed circumstances, 1813, disagreement with his father; from Dublin, 1813, asking for financial help, five letters to his father-in-law, Wm. Godwin, 1816, and other documents relating to Shelley and the Shelley family. £155 (Quaritch.) Chippendale's, The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director. 1754. £10 (Quaritch.) Rembrandt, The Complete Work of, History, Description, and Heliographic reproduction of all the Master's Pictures. Text by Bode. Vols. 1 to 8. £23 10s. (Quaritch.) Smith's Military Costumes. 1812. £19 5s. (Stevens.) Boydell's Shakespeare's Gallery. 2 vols. 1803. £12 (Dale.) Nash's Mansions of England in the Olden Time. 1839. £35 (Quaritch.) Pyne's Lake Scenery of England. £6 (Dale.) Chronicles of England. English fifteenth-century manuscript on vellum. £39 (Leighton.) American Almanacks. Franklin's Poor Richard Improved. 1764-7. £7 2s. 6d. (Brentano.) Longfellow's Song of

Hiawatha. With the proof sheets of the first ten cantos. £27 (Harford.) Tennyson, Poems by Two Brothers (Chas. and Alfred Tennyson). First edition. 1827. £17 5s. (Hornstein.) Thackeray. Mrs. Perkins' Ball by M. A. Titmarsh. First edition. 1847. £8 5s. (Sabin.) Ackerman's Microcosm of London. £15 5s. (Edwards.) Ackerman's University of Cambridge. 2 vols. 1815. £14 14s. Ackerman's University of Oxford. 2 vols. 1814. £12 10s. Plato, Dialogi XII. Manuscript on paper. £13. Hardwicke's Pedigrees of the Heralds' Visitations of Shropshire. £32 (Hazlewood.) Shakespeare's Works. Second folio. 1632. Imperfect. £16 (Ingram.) Another copy, wants title-page and portrait. £21 (Ellis.) Gould's Family of the Humming-Birds. 5 vols. 1861. £25 (Ellis.) Purchas, Hakluytus Posthumus; or Purchas, his Pilgrimes. 4 vols., 1625, and Purchas, his Pilgrimage, or Relations of the World. 1626. £50 (Delaine.) Shakespeare's Works. 1685. Fourth folio. Fine copy. £110 (Sotheran.) Charter of Boston (U.S.A.), granted in King Henry the Eighth's Reign. MS. on paper. £21 (Brentano.) Ackerman's Colleges of Eton, Winchester and Westminster. 1816. £18 (Hornstein.) Collections for a History of Hertfordshire. £17 (Quaritch).

The total amount realised was £4675 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson held their last sale for the season on July 26 and 27 when they disposed of a portion of the library of the late Rev. Prebendary Blomfield-Jackson and other books. A fine set of Ackerman's Histories of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford and the Colleges of Eton, Winchester, etc., 5 vols., 1814-16, realised £69.

The other principal sales were: Der Ausruf in Hamburg (Cries of Hamburg). 1808. £3 5s. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. 5 vols. 1806. £5 2s. 6d. Proof Impressions of the Woodcuts to Bewick's Water Birds. £7 7s. A Bible of 1657, bound in contemporary covers of ivory satin, a well-preserved and characteristic example of English seventeenth-century binding of this class. £15. Worsley's History of the Isle of Wight. 3 vols. Extra illustrated. 1781. £3 9s. Fitzgerald's Translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Third edition. 1879. £3 5s. Lewis (John), History of the Isle of Tenet in Kent. 1726. £4. Armstrong's Gainsborough and his Place in English Art. £6 2s. 6d. The Works in Architecture of Robert and James Adam (the Architects of the Adelphi). 3 vols. £5. Jackson's New and Complete Newgate Calendar. 6 vols. £4. A long autograph letter from Lieut. Maclellan of the 34th Regiment, dated Sept. 8, 1765, describing the Colony of New Orleans. £5 10s. Autograph Letter from Capt. A. Farrington, and Battalion Artillery, reporting his arrival on Nov. 5, 1776, in the "Rebellious Town of New York." £6. Manuscript on 26 pages folio, endorsed "Lord Barrington's Thoughts upon N. America." Lord Barrington was War Secretary from 1765-78. £6. Long and interesting autograph letter from Capt. Harry Gordon of the Engineers, New York, Nov. 19, 1765. £7 15s. Autograph letter from Lieut. John Thomas of the Royal Artillery, dated Pensacola, Sept. 28, 1765, giving an account of a miserable expedition near the Mississippi. £5 7s. 6d. Dictionary of National Biography. 67 vols. £48. Grego's Pictorial Pickwickiana. 2 vols. 1899. £5. Jesse's London. Extended to 6 vols. 1861. £5 17s. 6d. Frith's John Leech, his Life and Work. 2 vols. 1891. Extra illustrated. £4 5s. Ruskin (John) Saint Hilaire, Le Livre des Cent Ballades. Paris, 1868. Corrected and annotated throughout by Ruskin. £16 16s. A series of thirteen interesting and intimate autograph letters from Ruskin to N. H. Forbes. £9. Jesse's London and its Celebrities. 2 vols. First editions. 1850. £4. Lamb's The Last Essays of Elia. First edition. 1835. £10 2s. 6d. Encyclopædia Britannica (Times edition). 35 vols. £12. Punch from commencement in 1841 to 1904. 64 vols. £10. Linton's Masters of Wood Engraving. 1889. £3 7s. 6d. Williamson's History of Portrait Miniatures. 2 vols. 1904. £7 5s. The original Pencil Sketch for the "Matrimonial Ladder," signed in full by Cruikshank. £6. Letter from Horace Walpole to Mr. G. Nicol, Pall Mall, dated Sept. 12, 1792. £6 15s. Manuscript in the handwriting of Alderman Boydell entitled "Anecdotes relative to the Life of Admiral Boydel." £4. Letter from Horace Walpole, 1792, declining a suggestion from Nicol as to a sumptuous edition of his works. £6 5s. Letter from Dr. Johnson dated 1784 referring to the Polyglot Bible. £10 15s. Lock of Dr. Johnson's hair. £2 4s. Letter from Dr. Johnson addressed to "Mr. Nicol, Bookseller in the Strand." 1794. £6 10s. A finely executed Pastel Portrait of Alderman Boydell. £24. The Writing-Desk used by Thomas Hood. £5 7s. 6d.

The sale realised £1063 2s. 6d.

THE DRAMA

THE SIZE OF THE STAGE

THE writer of these lines went the other day to the newest, largest, handsomest and gaudiest house of entertainment in London, and there he saw a "negro comedian," Mr. Eugene Stratton, singing a song. He has the greatest admiration for Mr. Stratton's abilities. Mr. Stratton cannot move except gracefully; there is more of the poetry of motion about him than can be seen in any modern ballet. He has a particular way of waving his arms which is inimitably graceful and at the same time

fully charged with meaning. There is a pathos in the little despairing droop of his hands as they come to his sides which is irresistible. Moreover, Mr. Stratton has, like some others of our music-hall artists, a power of expression very subtle and delicate, which is what we look for in vain in the well-groomed, smart, upstanding young gentlemen of the legitimate stage. But his effects are not broad effects. Unless you can see clearly the swaying of his body, the droop of his shoulders, the movements of his head and hands, and catch distinctly the minute inflections of his voice, you miss a great deal, if not all, of the point of his performance. The writer, being in these things a favoured mortal, had a seat close to the stage from which—with or without opera glasses—he could see everything; but, happening to turn his head at the end of the song and look behind and above him, he was distressed to think of the scores of people in that vast building who, whether they had opera glasses or not, certainly must have missed all the delicate inflections and subtle movements that gave the performance its value and its meaning.

We seem at the present moment likely to be watching the return of the old evil of the big playhouse and the big stage. These things were bad enough in the eighteenth century; they are much worse in the present day, for this reason, that the character of the drama is undergoing a change. We may leave out of consideration such houses of entertainment as that we have referred to, because their main object is to present a spectacle and not to rely upon the abilities and characteristics of particular performers; but in our ordinary theatres, where the particular performer is all important, any return to the old principle of a big house and a big stage would be fatal. Equally, the theatre devoted to Shakespeare, or the romantic drama in any form, may be, without injury, much bigger than those in which modern drama is played: but it is a fact that half the theatres in London at the present time are too big for the performance of modern plays. The ideal playhouse for such work is, in our opinion, St. George's Hall, which the Mermaid Society has wisely chosen for its autumn season.

When Colley Cibber cut off from his stage that large semi-circular projection on which the actors had been used to come forward for the delivery of their oratorical passages, and brought the front row of what we now call the stalls close up to the stage, he began a good work; but the work has not been carried on fast enough in the same direction to keep pace with the change that has come over the drama. In former times, the spoken word was just as important to the playwright as it was in the days of the Greek tragedy, when actors wore masks, completely hiding all the expression of their faces. Lack of scenery, too, threw further *onus* on the words of the play. An author could not put down what he wanted in his stage directions, in the manner of the modern playwright, and leave the rest to the scene-painter and the carpenter. He had to give the impression of the scene by the words, and the stage-directions were no more than: "A public place" or "A room in the castle." Once the audience were brought nearer the stage, they could see much more clearly, and therefore took much more into account, the facial expression and the minute gesture of the actors, and so soon as the scene-painter and carpenter became able to supply the place of the dramatist's directions in the text, the dramatist was relieved of a difficult duty. Whether the new opportunities were taken advantage of as they might have been, it is impossible to say, since only written records can be consulted; but the invitation to the audience to use their eyes as well as their ears was destined to make a great difference to the form of the drama. The recent advance in the matter of lighting, which enables the face of the performer to be thrown into a much stronger light than anything that the sun could supply, has also been an enormous improvement. In fact, it has made possible what was impossible before; for after all it was of little use for Colley Cibber to bring his audience nearer to the stage when

the only light he could throw on his performers was that of a few wax candles, and those nearly behind them. The playwright had still to trust to the words of his play, because the other implements at his command were imperfectly developed. At the present time the words of the play, while still, of course, the principal means of expression, are daily becoming of less and less importance, while the actor and actress have more thrown upon them than ever before.

When we read any modern play (and in modern plays we do not include the romantic drama, which is a survival, not a contemporary form) it is evident at first sight that we are reading something very different from an Elizabethan or a Restoration play. There are many more stage directions and far fewer words; there are no long speeches, seldom more than two sentences at once being given to any actor, and the great moments are marked, not by an increase, but by a decrease of words spoken. Of old the character expressed his emotions by proclaiming them at length to the audience; in a modern play he looks or moves them; his silence is as eloquent, or should be as eloquent, as his speech. We have made, that is, a notable advance towards what, for want of a better word, we may call realism, for in real life people in love, in a rage, in terror do not say much, more especially English people. The development of stage appliances and, above all, of lighting has enabled those advances to be made towards a truer picture of the behaviour of people in real life; and the dramatists, naturally enough, have taken advantage of it.

There may be a deeper reason still. It seems probable that the character of life has changed during the last few centuries. Emotion is probably no less strong: we love and hate and fear as acutely as ever, but we do so far less simply. The old singleness and breadth have gone. Education, the increase of numbers, the pressure from outside of laws that encroach ever more and more upon our private life, the necessary acceptance of general standards of behaviour, manners and morals—in fact, the process of levelling up and down towards a single plane of the whole population: all these things have resulted in complicating and subtilising our emotions. And, therefore, the old broad expression by language and very simple gesture has become inadequate to the representation of the emotions of modern life. The emotion, being more subtle, requires a more subtle form of expression; the inflections of the voice, the slightest movement of the features or gesture of the hands must be seen in order to appreciate the meaning of the author. You must be able to hear distinctly and to see everything, or the point of the play is lost. Even in the case of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* the man at the back of the gallery loses most of what is seen by the people nearer the stage; and in the case of a modern play (and in spite of many hard words that have been said, there are a few modern plays that are worth watching closely) it is as useless to attempt to gather their full meaning from a distance as it is to trust to the written word.

New theatres are being built on every side, and they are all being built too big. There is less excuse for it nowadays than there was in the time when Drury Lane and Covent Garden were almost the only two theatres in the town. We have at present too many theatres—so many that it is impossible to fill them all every night; but it would not be impossible were half or three-quarters of the number small enough to enable every member of the audience to see and hear properly. In Lady Bancroft's Memoirs we read how she was taught as a child to "speak to the man at the back of the gallery"—and throughout her career she did. But the poor man must have missed, through no fault of hers, a great part of the charm of those expressive, eloquent features and movements. By building these big theatres, in which spectacular effect is the only thing that can hope to succeed, our architects and managers are putting one more obstacle in the way of the development of that persecuted art, the British drama.

FINE ART

THE PEDAGOGUE IN ART

IN his rather enthusiastic introduction to the "Drawings of Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A." (Newnes' "Modern Master Draughtsmen," 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Malcolm Bell draws particular attention to the fact that his hero is the son of an architect, and was originally intended for that profession. With some ingenuity he proceeds to demonstrate the working of the law of heredity by tracing the architectural qualities in Sir Edward's drawing of the human figure. Says Mr. Bell:

"The determination not to rest content with a knowledge, however unfailing, of the mere surface effects, but to understand as thoroughly the muscular movements which give rise to them, and, going deeper still, the bony scaffolding on which these in turn depend, reveals the constructive mind of the Architect. Without indulging in a specious but empty analogy we may fittingly compare one of his finished pictures with a completed building."

This analogy is not altogether inappropriate in so far as Sir E. J. Poynter's work is usually soundly constructed, but Mr. Bell does not seem to realise that in art it is not sufficient for the building to be completed, it must be tenanted. And this is precisely where Sir Edward's drawing falls short of true greatness. Anatomical knowledge may construct a "bony scaffolding" with accuracy and precision; but it cannot endow it with life. For this creative genius is necessary, something more than an infinite capacity for taking pains; and Sir Edward Poynter with all his knowledge, all his painstaking care, is not a creative draughtsman. It is his misfortune to lack what the first President of the Royal Academy considered the primary qualifications of the true artist, namely, "that enlarged comprehension which sees the whole object at once, and that energy of art which gives it characteristic effect by adequate expression." These studies, as indeed do all his works, make manifest the fact that Sir Edward Poynter does not see the whole object at once. He sees fragmentarily, ever searching for accuracy of detail rather than general truth; and having analysed with laborious patience each fragment, he collects them together in a bunch and pieces them into a picture. The result is a composition mechanically correct in its constituent parts, but as a whole entirely lacking in that spontaneity which gives life to a work of art.

Moreover, it must be noted that even these fragments are based on reflections of accumulated knowledge rather than direct original observation. Throughout this volume of studies one finds too obvious modifications of Hellenic art. In the "Study for the Mosaic at St. Paul's" (Plate I.), the seated figure is clearly a reminiscence of the seated Fate of the Elgin marbles. The arms are arranged so as not to repeat too closely the lines of the original, whose rhythm is thereby lost, but the drapery, though lifted a little higher over the feet, unmistakably betrays the source of origin. In the "Study for 'Storm-Nymphs'" (Plate XXXI.), the right arm and side of Myron's Discobolus is unhappily joined to a seated female form; in the "Study for 'Diadumene'" (Plate XXVIII.), the pose of the arms is identical with that in the Young Athlete. In several studies (Plates XIX., XXV. and XXXV.) we catch echoes of the Faun with the Infant Bacchus, but rather clumsy modifications to avoid a too exact repetition of the lines of the arms and legs destroy the beautiful pose and rhythm of the original. The monotony of these pseudo-classical studies is relieved by a study of a heron, evidently executed while Sir Edward Poynter was strongly under the influence of Japanese art, and a few landscape and architectural studies. These last, though rather cold and dry, certainly show more personal feeling, but it scarcely amounts to an expression of individuality. Indeed it is almost hopeless to search in Sir Edward Poynter's art for the expression of an original personality. Like an apt schoolmaster of limited ability he seems able only to hand on what he has learnt

from his predecessors without adding thereto anything of his own, and it is for this reason that the drawings of the President of the Royal Academy, though full of painstaking care and laborious conscientiousness, are consistently passionless and uninspired.

LITERARY LANDSCAPES

THOUGH from a purely artistic standpoint it may well be argued that the interest of a landscape depends on the painting itself and not on any extrinsic considerations, yet so strong is the force of association that the laity in such matters is ever prone to be attracted more by what a landscape represents than by the manner in which it is painted. To this general disposition of the public mind may be traced the increased multiplication in Bond Street and thereabouts of minor art exhibitions of greater topographic than artistic importance. By this time there is scarcely a corner of the inhabited world that has not been sketched by some enterprising artist whose travel notes in colour have subsequently found a temporary home in a London Gallery. The landscape of fact being thus well-nigh exhausted so far as novelty is concerned, the ubiquitous water-colourist has turned his attention to the landscape of fiction, and "literary geography," the newest love of latter-day journalism, finds a pictorial parallel in the literary landscape.

To Mr. Walter Tyndale, whose "Water-colours of Wessex: Thomas Hardy's Country" are now at the Leicester Galleries, belong all the honours of the pioneer, and the popularity of his exhibition leads one to anticipate that others will follow this precedent. Instead of water-colours of Ayrshire, or Devon, we may expect shortly to be bidden to exhibitions of "The Land of Burns" or "The Blackmore Country," and though to the spectator such exhibitions may have a very real value in that they make him acquainted with the aspect of places he has read about but not seen with his own eyes, yet to the artist it may be questioned whether they will not prove a danger, encouraging him to localisation rather than to that generalisation which is the aim of the greatest art. It is true that the painters of Barbizon depicted almost exclusively the forest of Fontainebleau; but there was nothing local in their art. They painted land and sky, trees and water, rather than the portrait of any particular place. Similarly in *Dido Building Carthage* and *The Queen of Sheba* in our National Gallery, the chief interest is not local, in the heroine and her surroundings, but general, in the sun shining in the heavens and its reflections on the waters beneath. It may be urged that such comparisons are unduly severe on the peripatetic painter, but it seems necessary that they should be made in order that it may clearly be understood wherein lie the highest excellences of the art of landscape, namely in general truth rather than local accuracy, in seizing and rendering a mood of Nature rather than recording, however faithfully, the portrait of any particular place.

Another danger waylaying the painter who sets out to illustrate a novelist's verbal descriptions of scenery lies in his implied surrender of his own point of view. Consciously or unconsciously he views the countryside through the eyes of another, and his very fidelity to his author may lead him to be unfaithful to his art. He feels himself bound not only to depict particular places but to view them from a particular standpoint—a standpoint which may satisfy the writer but give little opportunity to the painter of achieving a decorative composition.

Taking these considerations into account, it must be admitted that Mr. Tyndale emerges from his self-imposed ordeal with tolerable success. His landscapes seem lacking in decorative composition as compared with Mr. Greiffenhagen's water-colours of Naples recently exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's; his drawing is inclined to be too "tight," too relentless in its searching out of un-

essential details, his colour at times strikes one as being a little crude and hard; but his water-colours never degenerate into the coloured photographs of commerce, and now and again a happily-expressed sky, a well-rendered sweep of heath or downland surpasses local interest and, apart from any ideas of association, invests a sketch with a genuine artistic interest. Intrinsically, then, Mr. Tyndale's water-colours, though not showing any decided personal feeling or original outlook, are not wholly without interest to the artist, while as illustrations they will doubtless prove attractive to the numerous admirers of Mr. Thomas Hardy. In a letter to the artist, which serves as a preface to the catalogue of water-colours, that author bears testimony to "their fidelity, both in form and colour"; but one trusts that Mr. Hardy's generous praise will not cause any artist to mistake the aim of his art, which is not so much fidelity as beauty, or to take for his model any other than that perfect landscape painter, described by Reynolds, who "applies himself to the imagination, not to the curiosity; and works not for the virtuoso or the naturalist, but for the common observer of life and nature."

F. R.

MUSIC

LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER AND MATHILDE WESENDONCK

WITH the publication of every fresh life of Wagner, much unseemly discussion has raged round his name as connected with that of Mathilde Wesendonck. Those whose gospel is that the king can do no wrong hold every incident of the master's life justifiable in virtue of his genius, his unhappy first marriage and consequent loneliness of soul. On the other hand, that portion of the everyday world which is ever as eager to scent a scandal as a truffle-dog to search for truffles, has not been slow to put the unworthiest, and, let us say at once, an untrue, construction on the complicated relations subsisting between Wagners and Wesendoncks. Partisans on either side have held such extreme views that the whole question so treated can only be dubbed *Wesendonckeyana*; the truth of the matter not being obtainable till the publication of certain letters and journals collected after Madame Wesendonck's death, an English version of which has recently been issued, with introductory remarks by the translator.

People who talk of the fierce light which beats upon a throne sometimes forget that besides the unkind illumination thus brought to bear on Kings, and kings of genius, it has a second inconvenience: that of dazzling their immediate neighbours. Those placed a little further away have a better chance of seeing to what order of heavenly body their bright particular star belongs. It is a question whether biographers, translators, and other planetary beings might not secure a broader outlook and a more temperate atmosphere by choosing the orbit of Earth rather than of Mercury for revolution round the central sun. For this reason, perhaps, it may be advisable to take an *aperçu* of the situation from Wagner's own letter to his sister, Clara Wolfram—a letter most clearly, most truthfully written on the occasion of his wife's departure for Dresden. Subsequent notes of the translator, although commendably full of enthusiasm for his idol, Wagner, are less instructive on some of the points at issue, than condemnatory of the unlucky Minna. We should like, however, to preface Wagner's letter with an extract from one written by Madame Wesendonck shortly before that charming and venerable woman's death in 1902. The original is in English, which accounts for its artless spelling and phraseology.

"The tie which bound him [Wagner] to Mathilde Wesendonck, whome he then called his muse, was of so high, noble and ideal nature

that it will only be valued of those that in their own noble chest find the same elevation and selfishness of mind."

Forty-four years previously Wagner had laid bare his heart to his sister Kläre as follows:

"What for six years past has supported, comforted and strengthened me withal to stay by Minna's side despite the enormous difference of our character and disposition, is the love of that young gentlewoman, who first and for long approached me shyly, diffidently, hesitant and timid, but thereafter more and more decidedly and surely. As there never could be talk between us of a union, our deep attachment took that wistful character which holds all base and vulgar thoughts aloof, and discerns its only thought of gladness in the welfare of each other. Since the very commencement of our acquaintance she has felt the most unflagging and refined solicitude for me, and obtained from her husband in the most courageous fashion whatever might alleviate my life. For his part, in view of his wife's outspokenness to him it was only natural that he should fall into increasing jealousy;—but her grandeur has consisted in this—that always keeping her husband informed about her heart, she gradually attuned him even to the fullest resignation towards her. With what sacrifices and combats this could but be attended, may easily be judged: what made its achievement possible to her could only be the depth and sublimity of her attachment, remote from all self-seeking, which gave her power to show herself to her husband as of such stature that, if she ended by threatening her own death, he needs must forego his claims on her, and prove his unshakeable love even by upholding her in her solicitude for me. In fine it became a matter of retaining the mother of his children, and for their sake—who severed our two lives the most insuperably—he accepted his renunciant position. Thus, whereas he was consumed with jealousy of me himself, she was able so to interest him in me again that—as you are aware—he oftentimes assisted me; and when it became at last a question of procuring me a little house with garden after my own wish, she it was who after the most unheard-of battles won him round to buy for me the pretty premises beside his own. The most wonderful part of it is, however, that I absolutely never had a notion of these conflicts she was going through for me: for love of her, her husband had continually to show himself friendly and unconstrained towards me; not a black look was to enlighten me, not a hair of my head was to be touched; serene and cloudless should the sky enshroud me, soft and yielding be my every tread. This the unparalleled result of this noblest, purest woman's splendid love! And this love which had still remained unuttered by a word between us, was finally to cast aside its veil when I penned the poem of my 'Tristan' just a year ago, and gave it to her. Then for the first time did she lose her self-control and confess to me that she must die!—Reflect, dear sister, what this love must have meant to me, after a life of toils and sufferings, of sacrifices and commotions such as mine! Yet we recognised forthwith that any union between us could not be so much as thought of, and were accordingly resigned; renouncing every selfish wish, we suffered, endured, but—loved each other! My wife seemed to understand with shrewd feminine instinct what was here proceeding; certainly she often showed some jealousy, deriding and running down; yet she tolerated our companionship, which on its side never violated morals, but simply aimed at consciousness that we were in each other's presence."

Minna's jealousy led, indeed, to the unpardonable act of opening a letter addressed by her husband to Mathilde. A scene ensued which ended in the removal of Wagner to Geneva, and his wife's departure for Dresden. Minna Wagner was then suffering from an advanced and incurable form of heart disease. She was a woman of little intelligence and jealous disposition, and the separation was a relief to both parties in this ill-assorted union. But it may be questioned whether, even had Wagner been blessed with Mathilde as a wife, this delicately lovely, fragile creature could have toiled, washed, cooked, and borne the grind of poverty as bravely as did poor Minna Plater. Tarring one member of a quarrel does not always whiten the other, and Minna had a good deal to bear from her husband. Yet the translator hints at a scandal in her early married life, even though he has to own that the facts thereof were never authenticated, and inveighs against her vulgarity with a vehemence which inclines one to wonder why such a critically perceptive person does not occasionally modify the exuberance of his own style. But hero-worship, whatever form it may take, is popular. To hint that it might have been worthier of Wagner's best self to decline further assistance from Mathilde's husband, once the state of her feelings had been made known to him, is to rouse in your genuine Wagner enthusiast a magnitude of personal resentment quite disproportionate to the slowness of the suggested criticism. We somewhat malign the jaded world by supposing it to have cooled down of late from an attitude of mind once familiar

to heroes of the Early-Victorian novel. Take for instance the case of the youthful baronet in that delightful tale, "The Hair of Redclyffe," when his favourite sympathies were "stung to the quick" by the audacity of one cousin Charles, a sad naughty wag who ventured a sarcastic comment on Charles the First and his treatment of Strafford. And what was the effect on the youthful baronet? As well as we recollect, his face darkened, his lips quivered, a tide of colour mounted to his brow, or else his brow became ominously black—it matters not which. At any rate something happened to his brow—brows being features of much prominence in those days. "Ungenerous—unmanly!" he exclaimed in a deep choking voice, "to twit his memory thus!" And so on. Orthodox Wagner-worshippers treat any attempt at argument much in the same way. But, though it may make discussion a little difficult, we must be just, and own that hero-worship is incompatible with an ungenerous nature. In the volume under notice—the binding of which, by the way, is adorned with a palm and ivy interlaced, and two flaming hearts surrounded by a thorny garland—the translator is very much in earnest and very much to be supported when he refutes the scandals woven about Mathilde Wesendonck's name. No one can read these letters and journals, intimately and tenderly though they be worded, without realising that the tie which bound Wagner to "his muse" was of an ideal nature. Nevertheless, they were not the only sufferers, perhaps they were even the least sufferers in those two homes, disturbed by so fateful a meeting and parting. For them, to a certain degree, out of evil came good, out of strength sweetness, out of the lion's mouth honey. Passion renounced led, in Wagner's case, to the inspiration of the noblest love-music ever given to the world—that of *Tristan und Isolde*. Writing to Mathilde in the sad months that followed, the composer calls it: "the wondrous birth of our child of sorrows." And on Madame Wesendonck's side, if it be true, as Tennyson declares, that "we needs must love the highest when we see it," was there not some consolation of spirit in knowing herself loved by the highest, as she conceived it, in return? But what of the other wife—the other husband? Who will venture to say that people of no pretension to talent suffer less cruelly through wounded affection than their intellectual superiors? The law by which the higher being for his own satisfaction encompasses the annihilation of the lower, may be inevitable, but is it just? Every creature, of whatever rate of intelligence, born into this world, has a natural and simple expectation of happiness therefrom; and the moment which reveals to the more insignificant its lowly place in the scheme of creation is one of unexampled bitterness to man and beast. Its very inarticulateness, its inability to defend itself, or make its claim felt, renders its cause both helpless and hopeless from the beginning. "Ne craignez rien," says Claude Bernard, speaking of an experiment in vivisection, "le chien ne vous mordra pas. Il a perdu toute idée, toute espérance de se défendre."

We have been told that Minna Wagner is unworthy of much compassion; away with her, then, to Germany, and let her die there alone! But what of Otto Wesendonck: the kind and generous friend, the indulgent husband, forced to assume a ridiculous position beside his own hearth for the sake of preserving his young wife from self-destruction, forced daily to admit to himself that his chances of retaining Mathilde's affections, plain business man as he was, were poor indeed compared with those of Richard Wagner? "Entbehren sollst du: sollst entbehren," wrote Goethe. Both members of both households were doubtless compelled to drain this most bitter doctrine to the dregs. But while the halo of romance surrounding Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck demands our instant sympathy, and we cannot refuse a little pity to the unhappy Minna, it must be conceded that, among these victims of renunciation, the only really heroic figure in this tragedy of four is that of Otto Wesendonck.

E #

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

The Trapnell Collection. A catalogue of Bristol and Plymouth porcelain, with examples of Bristol glass and pottery, forming the collection made by Mr. Alfred Trapnell. Preface by the Rev. A. W. Oxford, M.A., M.D. Bristol: William George's Sons.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Fyvie, John. *Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty.* (Mrs. Fitzherbert; Lady Hamilton; Mrs. Montagu; Lady Blessington; Mrs. Lennox; Mrs. Grote; The Hon. Mrs. Norton; Lady Eastlake.) Constable, 12s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION.

Scientific Series: *Meteorology, or Weather Explained.* By J. G. McPherson, Ph.D. *Local Government.* By Percy Ashley, M.A. Jack, 1s. net each.

ETHNOLOGY.

Scholes, Theophilus E. Samuel, M.D. *Glimpses of the Ages.* The "superior" and "inferior" races, so called, discussed in the light of science and history. Long, 12s. net.

FICTION.

Silazar, Fanny Zampini. *Cavallieri Moderni.* Rome: Enrico Voghera. Hughes, Gibb, Mrs. *The Soul of a Villain.* Long, 6s. (See p. 809.) Crommelin, May. *The White Lady.* Long, 6s. Bindloss, Harold. *Alton of Somasco.* Long, 6s. Ranger-Gull, C. *The Harvest of Love.* Long, 6s. Agnus, Orme. *The New Minister.* Ward, Lock, 6s. Portman, Lionel. *Hugh Rendal.* A Public School Story. Alston Rivers, 6s. Beddoes, Captain Willoughby, R.N. *A Son of Ashur.* Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. Munro, Neil. *The Lost Pibroch, and other Shieling Stories.* New Edition. Blackwood, 3s. 6d. Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. *The Man who Won.* Hutchinson, 6s. Maxwell, W. B. *Vivien.* Methuen, 6s.

GARDENING.

Handbooks of Practical Gardening: *The Book of Garden Design.* By Charles Thonger. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

HISTORY.

Reich, Emil. *Select Documents illustrating Mediæval and Modern History.* P. S. King, 21s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mason, James. *Chess Openings.* New Edition. Horace Cox, 2s. net. Savage, Minot J. *Life's Dark Problems, or Is this a Good World?* Putnams, 6s. Nitobé, Inazo, A.M., Ph.D. *Bushido: The Soul of Japan.* An exposition of Japanese thought. New edition, revised and enlarged. Putnams, 5s. net.

POETRY.

Balbernie, Kitty. *Thoughts and Fancies of a Girl.* Cassell, 2s. Wilson, George Francis. *Cricket Poems.* Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. Drummond, William Henry. *The Voyageur, and other Poems.* Putnams, 5s. net.

REPRINTS.

The Temple Classics: *The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart.* By J. Amos Komensky. Edited and Englished by the Count Lutzow. Dent, 1s. 6d. net. Little Library of French Classics: *Voyage autour de ma Chambre.* Par Xavier de Maistre. Treherne, 8d. net. Waistcoat Pocket Shakespeare: *King Henry IV.* Part I.; and *Cymbeline.* Treherne, 1s. net each. Merriman, Henry Seton. *The Vultures.* Newnes' Sixpenny Novels.

THEOLOGY.

Carus-Wilson, Mrs. Ashley, B.A. *Saint-Paul: Missionary to the Nations.* A scheme for the study of his life and writings. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MAN IN THE STREET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The critical antics of "A Man in the Street" are not without a certain instructiveness. His mention of Burne-Jones as "artificial" gives us his definition of the adjective. Both Meredith and Burne-Jones are, in different ways and degrees, difficult of appreciation. Unless the latter, as is often the case, captivates at once by his sheer beauty, his attitude towards art requires a comprehension of certain tendencies of nineteenth-century thought, certain principles, which we must suppose unknown to, and without interest for, "A Man in the Street." Again, Meredith's uncompromising intellectuality, in his more difficult works only,—Heaven help your correspondent if he cannot read "Evan Harrington"—is doubtless repulsive. To be responsive to the subtle allusiveness of "The Egoist" requires a great deal of thought, and even, if I may use the phrase, previous spiritual experience. It is, however, unthinkable to your correspondent that anything of value should be beyond his comprehension. "A Man in the Street"—'tis a characteristic of the race—calls a thing natural, and greets it with a delighted *voilà! nouveau*, simply because its meaning is immediately obvious: whereas any new idea or unfamiliar style offends his robust

intellect, and, without further ado, he predicts the ultimate extinction of the works of two leading spirits of the nineteenth century. Such are the edifying critical methods of "Men in the Street."

E. W. S.

BRITISH NOVELISTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—M.D. is rather hard on my tentative "British Dozen." If he refers to my first letter he will find that the twelve names were given as the equivalents of a by-no-means representative list of French novelists.

I expressly excluded all save living writers, whereas M.D. goes back as far as Charles Reade. Surely he does not seriously contend that his list is anything like critical. His sins of commission are more serious than his errors of omission.

If Mrs. Henry Wood finds a place in his third dozen I think Egerton Castle is safer for his place in the first. "The Rose of the World" may suggest melodrama of the "East Lynne" type; but it is carefully wrought. It need not fear comparison with "Cometh up as a Flower" and "Joan Haste" to mention but two "masterpieces" by writers who figure in his wonderful third list.

As to my American: It is hard to look on Mr. James as other than a British novelist, American-born though he be, and I do not think it necessary to justify my choice of the author of "What Maisie Knew."

JOHN CAWKER.

NOVELISTS AND FREE LIBRARIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am surprised that none of your correspondents have taken serious notice of the letter in your number of July 1 from a correspondent who signed himself A. S., having apparently dropped a final initial which I need not trouble to supply. I agree with him in complaining of the Free Libraries for making novels so easy to get at, but my objection to people being allowed to read them for nothing is not based on any regard for the pockets of the authors, who certainly deserve any loss that they may incur, but on my fear for the minds of the readers. It is little short of criminal to allow such masses of trashy fiction to be scattered broadcast over the land and sent for nothing into the poorest homes. We fine or put into prison a milkman who sells adulterated or poisonous milk, yet we allow the founders and keepers of libraries to supply for nothing—or at the expense of the ratepayers—stuff that is just as washy and as deleterious to health. For myself, as a serious student of literature, I am glad to see any signs that our modern novelists are not being encouraged to produce their wares so rapidly as they were a few years ago, but I should like to complete the salutary process by forbidding Free Libraries to have novels at all and, if possible, fining every one who wrote a novel £100. In this way we should limit the output and divert the talent (if any) of the novelists into other and less harmful channels, and at the same time protect the public from a pernicious influence.

July 31.

URSA MAJOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As an old British Museum reader I have been distressed by nothing so much as the suggestion of your correspondent Mr. Hubert Haes, in the last number of the ACADEMY. I can imagine few things more painful on lifting my eyes from my books than to see anything in the shape of an English-made statue standing before me on one of the consoles of the Reading Room. It must be remembered that the statues shown in the plan at the South Kensington Museum are not designed by Alfred Stevens; and since I have already been obliged to avail myself of my short sight by taking off my spectacles whenever I pass a statue in the streets of London, I feel it very hard that anybody should propose to intrude statues upon me in my only refuge. I cannot agree, either, with Mr. Haes' choice of subject. There is nothing inspiring or valuable in the appearance of men of letters, and fancy statues of Homer, Confucius, Buddha and the rest are of no value to anybody. If statues we must have (and seeing the news in this morning's paper that we are to have another statue in Whitehall, I fear that there is no escaping them), why should we not, on raising our eyes for a brief relaxation, find ourselves looking upon well-known and appreciated figures, like those, for instance, of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, Dr. Richard Garnett and the late Sergeant Hook? I could mention other names well known to all frequenters of the Museum but fear to infringe upon their owners' modesty.

August 1.

B. M.

THE BOOKSHELF

Arachnia, a volume of poems by Mr. James Robertson, formerly headmaster of Haileybury (Macmillan, 5s. net), was published last year, but hardly received the attention it deserved. The poems show the pen of a ready writer. The occasion of the moment, a school lecture, travel, an anniversary, a walk, a game, give rise to verses that are mellow, facile, accomplished; touched with a human, almost boyish humour, and an equally human, but mature and brave melancholy. Mr. Robertson was a man of wide sympathies and receptive

mind, and many of his verses are the expression of those moods which a busy man is often forced to keep to himself and his pen, but which a poet by profession searches for and cultivates as the material of his work. Elsewhere, he jests with a nimble wit in Latin and in English: bids the skeleton of a pedlar (hanged), which he took to his rooms to mend the leg, not to disturb his night, or assault his bed-maker and syp:

"Nec suris vetulam meam protervus
Huc illuc crepitantibus fatigas;
Nec motu subitarius salaci
Saltus in puerum dabis trementem;"

or plays on the words yule-log with ebullient puns. His fairy poems are delightful, his translations always adequate; and the charm of his lyrics will certainly interest even those who had no personal knowledge of their author. They reveal a healthy, kindly, humorous and sympathetic nature, with which all might do well to become acquainted.

Mr. Murray has published (at 15s. net) an English edition of *The Vegetable Garden*, of MM. Vilmorin-Andrieux of Paris, under the direction of Mr. W. Robinson. So important a book must not pass unnoticed, though its subject is not a matter of literature. The subtitle, perhaps, will give a good idea of its scope: "illustrations, descriptions, and culture of the garden vegetables of cold and temperate climates," and Mr. Robinson in his preface claims that "this is the first book in any language which classifies, describes and illustrates these most important of all plants to the human race." He dwells, too, on the importance of vegetables to the whole question of food reform, and the book should do much to induce our gardeners to grow, and our housekeepers to use, vegetables that at present we neglect or fear.

Lord Brooke, on his return from nine months with the Russian army in Manchuria, which he joined just after the loss of the Yalu and left three weeks before the battle of Mukden, has published his recollections and opinions in a volume called *An Eye-Witness in Manchuria* (Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d.). Lord Brooke tells the usual story of fine soldiering and incompetent leadership, and maintains that the desire of the army is for peace. His book is well written and well printed.

From the Clarendon Press comes a handsome illustrated catalogue (7s. 6d. net) of the Historical Portraits Exhibition (1625-1714) held in the Examination Schools last April and May, which was described at length in the ACADEMY of May 13, 1905. There is a brief notice of each sitter, with a description of the picture and its provenance, and many of the portraits are reproduced. Particularly interesting is the young Milton, a copy by Benjamin van der Gucht (1792) from a picture, since lost, in the possession of the Onslow family, originally acquired (about 1720) by Speaker Onslow from the executor of Milton's third wife, Elizabeth Minshull. The picture shows a youth with a boyish look, large, lustrous eyes, full lips, and a long oval face, dressed in black, with a white ruff, and brown hair falling over the shoulders. The Tradescant portraits described in our number of May 13 are also reproduced, with many others of the highest interest. By an odd coincidence, or a happy stroke of humour, John Michael Wright's *portrait d'apparat* of Prince Rupert finds itself reproduced on the same page as John Riley's vigorous and speaking likeness of the scullion of Christ Church, who was employed to sing satirical ballads against King James II. The styles of the two portraits are as different as their subjects.

We are not quite certain of the utility of a little book by Mr. H. P. Sligo de Pothonier, *Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire?*, published by Messrs. Sands. It is a collection of difficult phrases and phrases containing difficult words which he has met with in reading, conversation, or the teaching of French. His collection of idioms and difficulties is admirable, but—he makes no effort to explain them. Now the sentences he has jotted down contain just the words or idioms that the dictionaries do not give. How then is the student to find the true meaning of them? In this sort of case the shades of meaning are all-important, and a wrongly guessed rendering will be worse than none at all. It is true that M. de Pothonier explains that his book is not meant for beginners. But only those who had made considerable progress could appreciate the difficulties of his collection, and they will gain little for knowing that a phrase is difficult or a word obscure without being provided with the means to explain it. The real gainers by M. de Pothonier's little book—which is full of an exceptional knowledge of the French language—will be the teachers who are thus provided with examples to hand. Without a teacher it will avail little. The book is clearly arranged and well indexed.

"Dum-Dum" is a writer who has amused many at home and in India, and we are glad to see *Rhymes of the East and Re-collected Verses* (Constable, 3s. 6d.), in which he has gathered together many pieces from *Punch*, some from earlier books published in India. "Dum-Dum" is a good story-teller, a humorous philosopher, a hearty lover-hater (like most of his kind) of the "shining East." He rhymes neatly, parodies cleverly, and makes good use of the usual tricks of the light versifier, the divided word, the short line at the end of the verse, and so forth. He is not supreme, but we have tested his book by reading it two or three times at intervals, and find that it does not pall. Most of the poems and authors he parodies have been parodied scores of times before, but there is an individuality about "Dum-Dum's" treatment of them that makes them fresh and amusing. Saïrey Gamp, for instance, in the metre of "Dolores"! "Dum-Dum" makes excellent reading for the hot weather.

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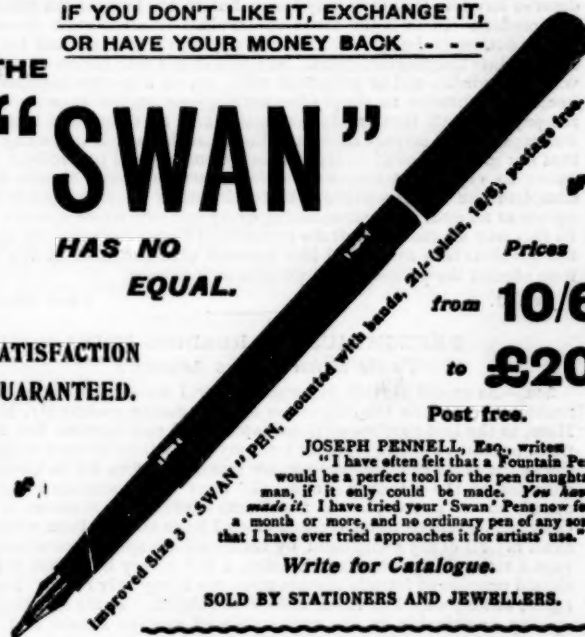
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